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LONG AGO.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

On that deep retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose their bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of long ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years;
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of long ago!

Though the demon of decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a heaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its Heaven
And the past its long ago.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," "PENKIVAL," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE was standing where the light fell full upon her, and she held a richly-jewelled fan in her hand.

A pomegranate blossom lay on the rich coils of her dark hair.

Picturesque, brilliant and beautiful; the young earl was led up to her, and looked at her with admiring eyes.

Isabel remembered her lesson; none of the delight she felt shone in her face; she would not let her eyes brighten. It was a grand young Juno with calm proud eyes, and a cold smiling mouth; not a Venus wooing, with smiles.

Lady Cresson had been quite right in her estimation of him.

He was so well accustomed to seeing fair faces brighten for him, and eyes grow brighter for his coming, that it was a novelty to him to be received with indifference.

He asked for the pleasure of a dance, and Isabel's dark eyes looked languidly down the programme; she did not seem pleased, as other girls did, when he asked for a dance.

She had some difficulty in finding one for him; she did not seek as other girls did, to keep him by her side.

She was serene, calm, beautiful, and indifferent, the consequence of which was that Lord Castlemaine thought more of her than he would done had she showed herself desirous of attracting him.

He did not in the least degree fall in love with her, but he was interested, and slightly amused because she made no effort to attract him.

What a stately young beauty she was; how everyone seemed to admire her; what fire and animation there was about her. She had promised him one waltz, but it was far on in the evening, and he was looking forward to it with some anticipation, but when he went to her—she was seated just then by Lady Cresson—she looked up at him with a smile that told of half startled surprise.

"You had forgotten?" he said, suddenly; the words escaped him unawares.

"Yes," she said, with a slow sweet smile. "I am sorry. I had forgotten."

It was a new sensation to this courted and flattered young peer. He had been accustomed to quite a different order of things.

Young ladies looked upon it as a pleasure to dance with him, they seemed pleased with his preference; not this stately Juno—she had forgotten.

Nor did she seem very anxious to enter into conversation with him; the usual stereotyped remarks passed between them; but once—and once only—he caught her dark eyes fixed upon him with an expression he could not understand; but that one glance had made his heart beat.

The next moment she was gazing calmly far away over the heads of the dancers and the tiers of flowers.

He was interested in her. What had that one expressive glance meant? He thought with pleasure of the time when he should meet her again.

It was a simple question that he asked her, when she was leaving the ball-room, but it gave her great silent delight.

"Shall you be at Lady Grafton's to-morrow?" he asked. "I understand half the world will be there."

"We are going, I believe," she replied, but her voice was even more indifferent than her manner, and for the second time that evening Lord Castlemaine experienced a novel sensation. He thought of her very often.

"An independent young lady that! No scheming there!" he thought, little dreaming that she was weaving a web round him, and that he was in great danger of becoming entangled in it.

He thought her more beautiful still on the next evening.

She wore a dress of pale, rose-colored silk covered with finest lace. She wore white lilacs in her hair, and carried a bouquet of the same sweet flowers.

"I like lilacs," she earl said, as he bent over her bouquet; "I believe they are my favorite flowers."

She did not evince any especial desire to keep up any conversation with him, but if he had been more keen and more on the alert, he would have noticed that although she seemed indifferent, whenever he gave any sign of leaving her, some witty remark, some clever repartee, some original idea would keep him chained by her side without his being conscious of it.

Although she never appeared to take the least notice of him, never seemed to look at him or watch him, no gesture of his ever escaped her.

She did not seem to listen to him, yet she could have repeated every word that he uttered, and almost without knowing it, the girl gave him the great passionate love of her heart; a love which is like a devouring flame.

There is nothing in life so cruel as love that is fully given and meets with no return, nothing so cruel!

The fire that burns, the water that drowns, the wind that makes bare and desolate, the thunder that destroys, the lightning that strikes, are not so hard or so cruel.

There are many tortures that rack the mind, that kill the brain, that tear and rend the heart; but none of them are so cruel as this unrequited love.

Had her love been returned, had it been happily placed the chances are that Isabel Hyde would have been a good and noble woman, but, beautiful as she was, she never even in the least degree touched the heart of Rudolph Lord Castlemaine.

She fell deeply in love with him; it was almost impossible to help it—his face so dark and so noble, his manner full of the chivalry that seems to have died out from modern days; true, brave, generous, and courtly.

How could she help it, when her whole thoughts were centered on him, when the study of his character became the study of her life—for had she not been told that she was to marry him—that her end and aim in life was to secure him; naturally enough that kept her thoughts centred on him.

She gave him a deep, passionate love—how deep none but herself knew—but she kept her secret well, no one guessed it, and Lord Castlemaine himself believed her the proudest, the coldest, the most exclusive and inaccessable girl in London, and he liked her all the better for it.

She piqued him; she interested him. It gave a piquancy and zest to his interviews with her that he never knew whether she would be pleased to see him or not, that he never knew in what mood he should find her, and the very uncertainty had a charm in it.

She touched his fancy, his admiration, but never his heart; he never dreamed of loving her.

The Castlemaines always married fair-haired, gentle, docile women; she was not of that kind.

He never, during the whole time of his acquaintance and friendship with her, ever gave her one glance or uttered one word that could possibly have misled her; he never made the last attempt at flirtation with her; he was true and sincere in all his dealings with her.

He liked her; he never went beyond that. He enjoyed talking to her and dancing with her, but he never misled her.

And all this time she went on weaving her web, so fine, so close, yet so strong; but she never could wind it round him.

* * * * * *

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

The season passed, and as yet no progress had been made.

Lady Cresson, who most diligently watched the situation, had but three sources of satisfaction.

The first was that, although Lord Castlemaine had not shown Isabel any lover-like attentions, he had certainly evinced great pleasure in her society; and the second was, that Isabel Hyde had behaved admirably—she had indulged in no flirtations, and if she had been spoken of at all, it must have been in conjunction with Lord Castlemaine.

The third source of consolation was, that if the young earl had not declared himself to be Isabel's lover, he had paid no attention to anyone else.

Then the end of the season came, and Lady Cresson, with her niece, looked the situation fairly in the face. She felt that there was great room for hope. Lord Castlemaine evidently liked her niece, who had no rival.

He had spoken with regret of the coming separation when the season should be over.

He had spoken with pleasure of their meeting again next spring. Altogether everything seemed to promise fairly. But there was the reverse of the medal.

Both aunt and niece were compelled to own that Lord Castlemaine had never shown any signs of hinting of marriage; he did not seem to be in love, and no one ever heard him speak of taking a wife; yet, when all the circumstances were taken into consideration, Lady Cresson believed there was cause to hope.

"I cannot blame you, Isabel," she said. "You have followed my advice—you have done your best, but all the same, you have failed."

"The failure is no fault of mine, aunt," said the girl, gloomily.

"No; I admit it. Still, there is a failure; but on the whole, I feel inclined to give you another season. I have never done it before. I am quite sure that I shall never do it again. I have always felt it to be a certainty that if a girl failed in her first season she would fail in her second."

"But, Aunt Eleanor," cried the girl earnestly; "it is not fair to say that I have failed. You told me to concentrate all my thoughts on Lord Castlemaine, and I have done so. But for that I might have had plenty of offers. I know that Colonel Morney loves me, and would ask me to be his wife to-morrow, but that he is jealous of Lord Castlemaine."

"You are quite sure of this, Isabel?" asked Lady Cresson.

"I am absolutely certain, Aunt Eleanor," was the answer.

Lady Cresson smiled complacently.

"Colonel Morney would not be a bad match—nothing like so good as Lord Castlemaine—but by no means to be despised. I will give you another season, Isabel, but only one more; your sisters must have their chance; and I am told that Elfrida gives promise of rare loveliness."

And though Isabel wove her web of brilliant colors and of fine strong threads—although she wove industriously and with perfect skill—it was all in vain; the young earl was not caught in the web.

If she had not met him again her life would not have been blighted; but, as chance or fortune would have it, at Christmas time they met again.

Lady Cresson and Miss Hyde were invited to spend the New Year week with the Duchess of Caramel at Hope Castle, and Lord Castlemaine was one of the guests.

That which a season in town began, a week in the gay seclusion of a country house finished; and when it was ended, Isabel Hyde owned that she loved Lord Castlemaine with a love that was stronger than life, stronger than death, a love that was her doom.

That week had opened all Paradise to her.

He had been her constant companion, but it was merely the force of circumstances that had made it so.

They were so nearly of the same age and had the same tastes. He rode and walked with her; he danced and sang with her; she was his favorite companion in a waltz or at chess; but his manner was always the same—kindly, friendly, open, and candid, but without the slightest attempt at love.

During that week her whole heart went from her, never to be hers again.

There are no words in which the pain of her hopes and fears could be told. True, he had not uttered one word of love, but he evidently valued her companionship.

"Love must win love," she said to herself over and over again, as hundreds of girls had done before her; "and he must love me because I love him so entirely. It will come—it will come!"

They met again in the next early season. Lady Cresson had grown anxious by that time, for she saw that Isabel had literally carried out her counsel, indeed that she had done more: she had concentrated her whole life on Lord Castlemaine.

This season must decide it! She saw no change whatever in the young earl's manner; he had the same kindly liking for Isabel, but there was nothing of the lover in him.

Still, with patience worthy of a better cause Isabel wove silently at her web. Then quite suddenly and without any warning the war of the roses began.

Gertrude Craven was presented at one of the very earliest Drawing Rooms, and the reign of Isabel Hyde was ended. She had been queen for a whole season, now Gertrude reigned in her stead.

Her fair blonde loveliness, her originality her grace, her exquisite singing won for her universal admiration.

Lord Castlemaine fell in love with her at first sight, after the hot eager fashion of the Castlemaines; he did not stop to think whether she was suitable to him or not,

whether her character would agree with his whether they would be likely to live happily together; he never asked himself whether she were proud, jealous, or ill-tempered; he never thought what were her qualities of mind or heart; he simply fell passionately in love with her, and swore that he would not live without her one moment longer than he could help.

The world soon knew what had happened.

Thrice fortunate Gertrude Craven; she had won the grand matrimonial prize; thrice fortunate young earl; he had won the loveliest girl in England.

Lady Cresson was the first to hear of the new beauty.

She returned home one morning from a series of calls, looking so anxious and so ill-tempered that Isabel felt certain something very unpleasant had happened.

"I have been listening to some extraordinary stories, Isabel," she said. "How true it is that nothing in this world is lasting; last year you were the one topic of conversation; you were the queen of beauty; your name was on every tongue, and now—you have a rival!"

"A rival!" the girl repeated, slowly. "One rival. Why, aunt, I must have hundreds."

"But you have one, par excellence. I hear strange stories of her great beauty, grace, and elegance."

"Who is it?" asked Isabel Hyde.

"Lady Craven's daughter, Gertrude Craven. She was presented last week; and she has made just the same sensation as you made last year. She is fair as a lily, and with hair like spun gold."

"I do not know that I need fear her," said Isabel proudly.

Lady Cresson looked anxious and slightly distressed.

"Nor do I, socially speaking. She is quite different, in style; but I do not think she can be more beautiful than you. It is not socially that you need fear her; but they say——"

Lady Cresson paused for a minute, as though unwilling to continue.

"They say what, auntie?" asked Isabel Hyde. "Tell me; I have no fear."

"They say that Lord Castlemaine has fallen deeply in love with her, Isabel."

The beautiful face paled; and a shadow crept into the dark eyes.

"I do not believe it," she cried.

"I am afraid from all that I hear it is true," replied Lady Cresson.

"I do not believe it," repeated Isabel.

"Why?" asked Lady Cresson.

"Because, I am quite sure, that if Lord Castlemaine fell in love with anyone, it would be with me."

"He has had plenty of opportunity," said Lady Cresson. As she spoke she noticed that her niece's hand trembled violently, and something of pity for the girl stole into her heart.

"People always say that kind of thing about every new beauty," she said; but Lady Cresson saw how, in spite of her self-control, the girl's lips quivered.

"I do not know," said Lady Cresson. "I am really half afraid there is some little truth in it. You know that Lord Castlemaine does not devote himself to new beauties, but he seems to have been constantly with Miss Craven. I hear that he follows her everywhere—that he is her shadow. How long is it since you saw him Isabel,

"Two or three days," she answered, slowly.

"Then I fear it is true," said Lady Cresson. "We never failed to meet him once a day at least."

"I shall soon know," said Isabel Hyde. "I understand Lord Castlemaine better, perhaps, than most people, and if he is in love with Miss Craven I shall soon find it out. But I refuse to believe it. Rely upon it that it is all idle gossip, aunt."

"I hope so, my dear," was the answer. But Lady Cresson was ill at ease.

The rivals met that same evening, and then Isabel Hyde was compelled to acknowledge there was some slight ground for fear.

She had never seen the same expression in his eyes when they rested on her.

She might have read her fate the first time she saw them together, but she would not believe it.

She preferred to think that her eyes misled her—that her ears were not to be trusted—that her senses deceived her—that her instincts were wrong.

She would have believed anything rather than this, that her web had been woven in vain.

"I must make friends with Gertrude Craven," she said to herself; and she did so.

The truth was soon apparent. The young earl had forgotten everything else in the world but Gertrude.

It was Gertrude, Gertrude, Gertrude from morn to dewy eve; he thought of nothing else, and he was her shadow. He went to every place where it was likely that he should see her.

He made so many excuses for calling on Lady Craven that that accomplished matron laughed in amused wonder.

Still Isabel Hyde hoped on. She would not yield—she would not give way. She hoped against hope.

"I am as beautiful as she is," she whispered to herself, "and I will not own myself conquered—yet!"

CHAPTER V.

WHITE AND RED ROSES.

THERE were hundreds of pretty girls in London—just as there were hundreds of beautiful women—yet no other two seemed to be singled out and pitted against each other as were Isabel Hyde and Gertrude Craven.

The world evidently enjoyed the situation.

It was the old story of Rebecca and Rowena over again.

If both had been fair, or both of them had been dark, one must have yielded the palm to the other; as matters were the balance was equal: Gertrude was the queen of blondes, Isabel of brunettes, and in time people began to call them the rival roses. Gertrude wore white roses and Isabel red. It was then that the rivalry between them became known by the name of the "War of the Roses."

It was graceful rivalry too. Gertrude did not quite realize that it extended to love; she knew that socially they were rivals, that they had the same admirers; it was always a struggle which should be the best dressed and have the best partners; she enjoyed it as Isabel would have done had not her love and the happiness of her whole life been at stake.

The struggle was a severe one, but Isabel's tact and patience, courage, and hope had never failed; they were worthy of a better cause, and she ought to have succeeded.

No one who saw her talking brightly to her rival, and gaily to Lord Castlemaine, could ever have guessed at the tempest of passion, of pain, and of love that raged in her heart.

The strangest thing was that Isabel Hyde made herself so charming Gertrude soon grew fond of her, which was the very thing Miss Hyde had hoped for.

"Then," she said to herself, "when he seeks Gertrude he will find me!" and the measure was quite a wise one.

Many a tete-a tete which the lovers longed was in that way prevented; when Lord Castlemaine went in search of Gertrude, he was almost sure to find Isabel by her side.

"I never can find you alone for one minute, Gertrude," the impatient young lover would cry. "You must have entered into an alliance with Miss Hyde.

"I like her very much," said Miss Craven; "she amuses me!"

"She does not amuse me when I find her here at your side, and I have not a chance of saying one word to you!" cried Lord Castlemaine.

Gertrude Craven had made a pact of friendship with her beautiful rival.

Isabel went to her laughingly one day and said—

"Do you know the pretty name they have for us in society?"

"No," replied Miss Craven; "I did not even know that they had given us a name."

"Yes; they call us the rival roses."

"Why rival roses?" asked Miss Craven; "we are not rivals."

A strange expression came over the beautiful face of Isabel Hyde.

"No," she replied. "If they would call us the roses, you the white and me the red, that would be sensible; why should we be rivals?"

"We are not!" cried Gertrude! "I should think our lot in life and our place in society about equal."

"With one exception," answered Isabel Hyde; "you have a fortune and I have none."

"That cannot matter with your beautiful face," cried generous Gertrude, and while she was dancing with Lord Castlemaine that evening she repeated the conversation to him.

"We are not rivals," she said to him unconscious of the weaving of the web; "how could we be?"

He had no suspicion either of the weaving of the web, but he answered very quickly—

"You could not have a rival in anything, because you are peerless. You are on a throne; others reach only to the steps; there could be no rival for you."

The little scenes that took place would at times have been pitiful had anyone known their real meaning, but none did.

The rival roses would be standing in a ball-room side by side discussing the light current topics of the day, and Lord Castlemaine would approach them; his eyes for Gertrude, his ears for Gertrude, his whole heart and soul eager for Gertrude, with hardly a thought for the girl by her side.

Then would follow an eager invitation to dance, or to promenade: anything to secure her to himself.

His eagerness, his desire to take Gertrude off, his utter absorption in her, his complete forgetfulness of herself, were all so many swords in the heart of Isabel Hyde.

She gave no sign; the least impatience, irritation, or weariness would have been fatal; the least sign of pique, jealousy or envy would have been destruction.

She would listen patiently for a few minutes to his conversation with Gertrude, then by some witty remark of her own she would find a place in it.

She bore without wincing all the bitter pain, the heart burning, the jealousy, and no one knew her secret save her aunt and herself.

She had preserved it so well, that no one even guessed it.

Lord Castlemaine thought fit to proclaim his allegiance to his lady love by wearing white rosebuds.

Most people smiled when they saw them. Isabel's heart ached. It grew hard, cold, and defiant when her eyes fell on them. She would rather have seen the drawn sword of a foe than those delicate white buds.

One morning, Lord Castlemaine called on Lady Cresson.

He had tickets for a *fete* at which she particularly desired to attend. He was prevented from going by a previous engagement.

Needless to mention that Gertrude was not expected there, or he would have found some pretext for breaking his engagement.

Isabel Hyde was alone in the drawing-room when he was announced. She ought to have been successful—she was so wise, so patient, and skilful.

In her place, many girls would have met him with reproaches—with unwise taunts, because he had been there so seldom.

Not so, Isabel; whatever she felt she gave no outward sign. She welcomed him with the sweetest smiles, the brightest of words. She amused, and half-charmed him, as she had always done.

On the table near which she was sitting stood a beautiful basket of roses, that had been sent as an offering to Lady Cresson. From them Isabel Hyde took one superb crimson rose, half bud, half flower. She caressed it with her white fingers, and then she looked at him.

He was gazing intently on her thinking how exactly she resembled the flower on which she was intent.

"My emblem," she said, with a smile at him. "It was very kind of society to give me such a pretty name as the 'red rose.'"

"You deserve it," he said; but his heart was full of tender thoughts for the white rose as he spoke.

She went a step nearer to him.

"The flower you have there is fading," she said. "Let me take it away, and put this in its place.

Had he been less in love with Gertrude Craven he must have felt great delight in Isabel's beauty and brightness; he must have been pleased to have that glorious young face so near his—the white hands touching the flower that he wore. But he had no heart for anyone save Gertrude.

Gertrude had given him the flower, therefore it was precious and sacred in his eyes.

He drew back almost unconsciously, quite unwitting of the pain that his involuntary action gave her.

"No," he cried; "you must not touch that!"

"Must not touch it!" she repeated. "Why?"

He laughed, and the proud tenderness of that laugh struck her like a sharp blow.

"I cannot lose it," he said. "I would not change it for one made of diamonds. I would not give one leaf of it even for the golden rose!" he added.

"What makes it so precious?" she asked.

She knew by instinct, and she listened with a smile, although every word cut her heart like a knife.

"Yesterday," he replied, "it was held by the sweetest white hand in the world—today it lies here on my heart."

"Whose was the hand that held it?" she asked—and he never, even so faintly, dreamed of the anguish that underlaid the words.

"Can you not guess?" he said. "There is but one to whom my words would apply—one white rose and one white queen—your sister rose!"

She tried to look indifferent. She tried to hide the fact that her face grew pale and her eyes lost their light.

"You mean Gertrude Craven," she said, coldly; and his face brightened with a lover's pride as he answered—

"Yes, I mean Gertrude Craven. Each leaf of this fading rose is dearer to me than all other flowers that bloom."

"Because she has touched it?" said Isabel.

"Yes, I am like the poet who wrote—

'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'

I wonder when she has breathed upon them that they can ever die."

Isabel Hyde laughed, but there was neither music nor merriment in her laughter.

"Miss Craven would be flattered if she heard you. My emblem is rejected then."

"Nay, that is a hard, cold way of putting it! I must be true to my colors; you would not respect me if I were not."

She laid the flower down again in the pretty basket with its sweet companions, but when he had gone she drew it out again and tore it leaf from leaf, and as the sweet leaves fell she trampled them under her feet.

Was there a wish in her mind that it had been the face of her rival? Yet she had pride and spirit enough to laugh and talk gaily to him while he remained.

"You must be enjoying the season," she said; "you seem to have many engagements."

"I think," he answered, half shyly, "they are all merged in one."

She would not understand him; the chill of death seemed to be creeping round her heart, while her lips smiled, and she said—

"Aunt Eleanor was saying yesterday how she missed those pleasant little visits of yours."

"How kind of her! I always like a conversation with Lady Cresson. She will enjoy the *fete*, I think."

"Shall you be there?" she asked; and he answered with careless indifference—

"No."

"And the white rose," she said, with a smile that had in it no heartiness, "will she be there?"

"I think not," he answered briefly.

"Good-bye," she said to him with a smiling face; but when he had left her the smiles died away, and the roses in the pretty basket might have told a tale if they could have done so.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VICTORIOUS WHITE ROSE.

WHEN the announcement of the engagement between the Earl of Castlemaine and Miss Craven took place, Isabel Hyde did not quite renounce all hope.

No one knew her pain; no one knew her passionate despair; no one knew that she, smiling and bright as she seemed, had a bitterness greater than death in her heart. She tried in a forlorn fashion, to console herself by a string of proverbs.

"There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," was her favorite.

Many engagements were announced that never came to anything—this might be one of them.

"I will never give up hope," she said to herself, "until I see them married, and then I will live to part them."

Lady Cresson too made many wise resolves.

When she heard that the engagement was announced, that all was settled, and Lord Castlemaine pressing for an early marriage she sent for her niece to her room.

"A failure, Isabel," she said, slowly, "and I am sorry for it. It was the best chance—but it is useless wasting more time upon it. We must be wise and beat a masterly retreat; we must burn our boats and leave no trace behind us; no one must suspect our hopes or our disappointments. I should like you to be just the same as ever with Lord Castlemaine, and more friendly than ever with Miss Craven, if you can manage it without breaking down."

"I can do it," answered Isabel, unflinchingly. "I could do more than that."

"We will remain in the town until the wedding is over," continued Lady Cresson, "and then we will discuss our future plans. I can trust you to let no sign of disappointment appear."

"You may trust me implicitly, aunt," said Isabel; but her aunt had no idea of what this would cost her.

"I have one great hope," continued Lady Cresson, "and it is that if this marriage takes place you will be invited to act as bridesmaid."

"Yes!" replied Isabel, "that would be the best thing for me, and I should enjoy it," she added with an expression of face that if Lady Cresson had been a wiser woman would have warned her.

She clung to hope while any hope was feasible.

There might be a quarrel! The marriage might be postponed!

The beautiful white rose might even wither and die! A thousand unforeseen things might happen.

In the meantime the three met continually, always once a day, at times oftener than that, to all outward appearances there was the greatest possible friendship between the two beautiful rivals.

They visited each other, and Gertrude talked openly of the coming wedding.

Perhaps the hardest part of Isabel's lot was being compelled to listen to these confidences; but when Gertrude offered them she had not the faintest idea that Isabel cared for Lord Castlemaine.

There were times when she suffered horribly.

One evening, when by Lady Cresson's invitation, Lady Craven, her daughter, and Lord Castlemaine were all there, Isabel was pressed to sing.

"I have not heard you sing for some time, Miss Hyde," said Lord Castlemaine.

"You shall hear me now," she said.

Years afterwards she remembered the scene.

Miss Craven was seated away from the piano, quite at the other end of the room, looking most lovely in a simple dress of velveteen silk, bound with lace, and pretty clusters of pink hawthorn.

Lord Castlemaine had left her side for a few minutes, but no one else had taken his place.

It was something new for him to leave Gertrude for Isabel, and her hopes rose again.

Her dark eyes brightened and her face grew fairer with the hope. He stood by her side while she sang.

She had hardly time to think what she should sing; almost involuntarily her fingers strayed into a sweet and plaintive melody, a pretty pathetic little ballad, called "Forget me not."

Forget me not, though I repine
Because you've found a fresher heart;
To give it all that once was mine,
I'll say farewell and part.

Because you've found a fairer face,
A nobler name, a lovelier lot,
I'll meekly bow and yield my place;
But, oh! forget me not!

She had begun the song almost unthinkingly, but as she proceeded, the words went home to her very heart; her eyes filled with tears; her voice faltered; by a desperate effort she controlled herself, and the half sad, half sweet melody flowed from her fingers; but—her eyes met his, and he saw the tears in them.

For a moment he was half startled, but no thought of himself entered his head.

"Surely he will understand now," she thought to herself. But he did not.

He bent his handsome head very kindly over her.

"You are tired, Miss Hyde," he said, gently—"or not well?"

She made no answer for one minute. She could not recover her voice.

Ah! surely, surely he might have guessed! But he only thought to himself—

"I wonder if Lady Cresson is kind to her niece? I have never seen tears in her eyes before."

Then Isabel looked at him, and the pathos of her dark, beautiful eyes struck him.

What was it they told? What was it that they said to him?

And he could not understand!

"I will not ask you to sing," he said, gently. "You are not in the mood for music to-night. How our moods differ!"

She wondered if he would linger by her side and talk to her. But no! As the sunflower turns to the sun he had turned his face towards Gertrude forgetting all else.

As though a magnet drew him, he went to her, walking slowly, as though he would have lingered with Isabel but for Gertrude's irresistible attraction.

Isabel rose from the piano. She walked to the pretty nook where the tall palms stood; she took up an engraving that lay upon the table.

It was merely that she might have a pretext for hiding her face.

"He could not stop with me," she said, "not even for five minutes! He must go back to her because she looked at him! And I love him as no woman ever loved a man before! Why should she win him when I could not? Because her eyes are blue and her hair golden? Mine are dark, but I am very fair. He might have loved me!"

A few minutes afterwards she was the centre of a laughing group, and she laughed like some who had not a care in the whole world.

One day when Gertrude Craven was talking to her lover she said—

"I shall not be able to keep up all the friendships I have formed in London, but there are some I should like always to retain. I am really attached to Isabel Hyde, and you like her, do you not?"

They looked at each other.

In after years the memory of that conversation returned to them and stung them much.

"Yes," replied Lord Castlemaine, "I have a great admiration and a most sincere liking for Miss Hyde."

"I am glad to hear it," said Gertrude cordially. There was no taint of jealousy in her thoughts or words. "I am glad," she repeated. "That is one of the friendships I should like to retain. In those happy days to come—days you like to speak of, Rudolph—we will ask her to visit us."

"Yes, that will be very pleasant," he replied absently; lover-like, he was thinking far more of the happy days than he was of Isabel Hyde.

"We shall be so happy," she continued, "that we shall be able to give away a great deal of happiness to others, and we will begin with beautiful Isabel Hyde."

He whispered to her how noble and unselfish she was.

She laughed.

"Never mind my perfections just now, Rudolph," she said, laughingly. "I want to talk about Isabel Hyde: I am so glad you like her. She will be my friend after we—after we are married; she will visit us."

"You forget," he said, "that she will probably be married herself," and they both looked across the room at the beautiful dark face which bid so much.

"Yes, I had forgotten that," she answered, slowly. "I cannot tell why, but I have an idea she will not marry."

"My wonder is that she has not married before this," said Lord Castlemaine. "She is very beautiful, very graceful, and accomplished!"

Gertrude looked up at him with a bright smile.

"How is it," she asked, "that with all these charms you have not fallen in love with her yourself."

"My darling," cried the young lover, rapturously, "I have never loved any woman but you; I shall never love any other. I loved you the first moment I saw you, and I shall love you until I die. It seems to me that I hardly know any other face than yours. It seems to me also that when my eyes first fell on you I knew that you were the one woman singled out from all the world."

"Were you never the least degree in love with anyone else?" she asked.

"Never, my darling. If I had not met you the chances are that I should have gone unmarried to my grave. I cannot even imagine myself caring for anyone else."

"It seems so very strange," she said, musingly.

"I do not think so. It would have been strange had I done anything else except throw my fortune, my heart, and my love at your feet; but you have never cared for anyone else, have you, Gertrude?"

The sweet, silvery laugh that answered him was like music in his ears.

"I!" she cried. "You forget that I have not had time to care for anyone but you. This is my first season. You say that you fell in love with me the first time you saw me, and you have monopolised all my time since then. No, indeed, Rudolph, I have never cared for anyone but you."

She was silent for some few minutes, then she said suddenly—

"Rudolph, I shall ask Miss Hyde to be my chief bridesmaid."

"Who will have eyes for the bridesmaids when you are the bride?" he exclaimed. "Ask whom you will, I shall be content."

Isabel Hyde was asked, and the vow she took at that wedding she kept, and this story tells all about how she carried it out.

CHAPTER VII.

"THERE never was so bright a honeymoon as ours," said Lord Castlemaine to his beautiful young wife.

They were in Venice, luxuriously seated in a gondola, watching the sun set over the shining waters, listening to the music that seemed to come from all sides—the splashing of the oars in the water, the gondolier's song, the distant touch of a lute, the faint chiming of church bells, the musical ripple of the water as it washed the base of the grand pillars.

Venice, the beautiful, the fair; the city of lovers, of music and flowers; the home of poetry and romance; the city of which true poets love to sing; these newly-wedded lovers had enjoyed it to their hearts' content.

The sunset and the moonlight, the glamor of stars, the sweet, solemn hush of the waters, the brilliant hues of the sky and the foliage had all been so many pictures to them.

Lord Castlemaine had traveled, Gertrude had never quitted English shores; everything was new and beautiful to her; she was full of enthusiasm, and her husband was delighted with her happiness.

"If I never had any more happiness in my life," she said to him on this moonlit evening, "I should still have had more than falls to the lot of most women. I wonder, Rudolph——"

She stopped suddenly, and he saw that her eyes were fixed on the moonlit skies.

"You wonder what, Gertrude?"

"I am almost afraid to say," she replied. "I was wondering if, after all, heaven can be much happier than earth?"

"Earth as we find it," he replied thoughtfully. "You must remember that very few are happy as we are."

"That is because we married for love," she said, gaily.

"Yes, and also because the love lives on, never to die."

"I cannot imagine," said Lady Castlemaine, "how love ever dies. The world is so fair, that its beauty alone, I should have thought, would have kept love living in every heart. I love you the better for the beautiful moonlight, and the silent waters, and the golden stars. How does love die, Rudolph?"

"In a hundred different ways," he answered.

"Not one of which we shall ever know," she said, brightly.

"No, I am sure not, Gertrude," he replied.

"Tell me how it dies—in what manner, in what fashion. I do not mean lovers' love, but the love that lives between husband and wife—such as you and I."

"The difficulty would be rather to tell you how it lives than how it dies. So many things conspire to kill it. I must frankly admit that in most cases the husband is to blame. He grows tired of his wife; his once fervid love changes to indifference. She resents it. Quarrels, dislike, and hatred follow."

"That is a cruel death for love to die," she said, with a faint, sweet sigh.

"Cruel, but very common," he replied. "Then another common reason of the death of love, is jealousy," he continued. "Perhaps the husband is older than the wife, and she loves all the gaieties and pleasures of which he is tired. Jealousy is almost sure to step in then—and again love dies."

"Ours will never die in that fashion," she said, raising her beautiful face to his and kissing his lips. "Never; will it, Rudolph?"

"No, my darling," he said; but to her eager ears his answer seemed long in coming, and cold when it came.

"You could never be jealous of me," she said, hastily, "because you know that every beat of my heart is yours—every thought is yours. I live in a world of shadows, and the only real thing in it is yourself. Could any man ever be jealous of a woman who loved him so well?"

"I should say not," replied Lord Castlemaine.

"Then our love can never die in that fashion," she said, decidedly. "And you know Rudolph, that I could never be jealous of you; how could I, when you love me above all other women and alone out of all women? I could not be jealous of you. In none of those fashions could our love die. Tell me some other."

He smiled.

"Love often dies because husband and wife resemble each other so entirely that they grow tired to death of each other, and find nothing but monotony and weariness."

"That will most certainly never be our case," she said, brightly. "In many things I am very glad to say we differ entirely, Rudolph. Give me another example," she said.

"I have heard of cases," he continued, "where love has died, because husband and wife have been of so entirely different a type that there could be no possible peace or harmony between them."

"Again that can never be our case," she said, "for in many things we are exactly alike."

"I am pleased to agree with you," replied Lord Castlemaine.

"How does love die the hardest death?" she asked again.

"I should say, Gertrude, in a case like ours where it is deep and true; where it seems to be immortal and presuming on its strength; where no care is taken to preserve it—that is, mistakes are made, and misunderstandings creep in; then, perhaps, both are proud, neither will make the first advances; time passes slowly on, and love dies."

"That is a sad death, too," she said; "but Rudolph, there again we are safe; there never could be any misunderstanding between us; how could there possibly be, when we have no secrets between us, and my heart is like an open book to you?"

"There is no fear, my darling," he said, gently.

Her beautiful blue eyes were fixed on the moonlit sky.

"I like to think that," she said. "I like to remember that our love is eternal, that it will never die, that it will live even into the next world. It gives me comfort to know that though the sun may cease to give light and the moon fall from the heavens, still our love shall live on."

For all answer he drew her in the passionate clasp of his arms and kissed her twice again.

"Rudolph," she cried, "you forget all my warnings. I have asked you to be so careful, and I am very sure that gondolier will know that we are—that this is—our honeymoon."

"Never mind the gondolier," said Lord Castlemaine, "he has no eyes in the back of his head, and if he had, I should not care; who could help kissing the lips that utter such loving words. Are you satisfied with my answers to your questions, my dear Gertrude?"

"Yes," she replied. "You have told me most of the ways in which love can die, and I find each one of those ways barred to us. I shall remember this lovely moonlit night and our conversation as long as I live! How white the moonlight is, and how bright the sky. I wonder if Othello glided over these clear waters thinking of the wife he was to murder?"

Lord Castlemaine started at the very words.

"That is a horrible idea to introduce on so fair a night," he said—"a murdered wife!"

"I do not know much about the world, but it seems to me that there are many ways of killing wives. I would rather have my body slain than my heart broken."

"Neither of those fates will be yours, my darling," he said, gently.

And when the dark after-days came she remembered the words.

"The bells have played, and the night is falling," said Lord Castlemaine. "Are you tired, Gertrude?"

"No," she replied. "I should never tire of this moon and the shadows on the water. I feel just now as though I should like to go floating on forever—just as I am now—with you."

He laughed.

"My dear child," he said, "you will grow cold, hungry, and thirsty in two hours; there is such a difference between romance and reality—between poetry and prose."

"It does one good to forget the difference sometimes," she said. "I forget it always when I am with you."

"Thank you!" he said.

With swift, sure strokes the boat seemed to cleave the moonlit waters; Lady Castlemaine seemed suddenly to have grown grave.

"Rudolph," she said, "I have strange feeling—a strange presentiment."

"A bright one, I hope?" he said.

"No, it is not that," she answered very slowly.

"Tell it me, darling, and I will make it into a bright one for you," he said. "What is it, Gertrude?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WRITE TO MOTHER.—Boys, some of you who read this are absent from home. You are attending a school, learning a trade, or engaged in some kind of employment that has called you away.

There is a mother at home who longs to hear from you often. Do you give her that privilege, or are you willing to let her watch day after day, until the thought comes forcing its way into her heart that you have forgotten her, or care more for the new associates around you? Do you realize that her thoughts are with you oftener, and linger much longer with you, than yours with her?

You are young, and are out in a world which she knows is full of snares and temptations. And all her confidence in your strength of character may be great, yet she cannot keep back the anxious thoughts that come unbidden, especially when she has not heard from you for a long time.

She knows that this is an important period of your life. A great change is going on. You are developing into something. Can you suppose her to have aught but the deepest solicitude in knowing what that something shall be? She has foregone much pleasure for your sake, and has centered many hopes in you. She cannot help feeling a deep interest in watching the result of her years of labor in your behalf.

I know a boy, who, during a year's absence, wrote but two letters to his mother. At the close of the year he was summoned hastily home to look on that mother's face for the last time.

He found the two letters he had written carefully laid away in a drawer where she kept a few things that were highly prized. When he learned how many times his mother had read those letters, even after every word they contained had been committed to memory, he felt as though he would give the world if he could live that year over again, that he might swell the number to a hundred instead of two.

Write to your mother, and write often. Answer the many questions found in her letter to you. Do not miss a single one.

Tell her all about yourself.

Tell her all about your studies, your work, or whatever you may be engaged in. Tell her all about your associates; and such as you cannot tell her about do not hesitate to drop at once.

Boys, write to your mothers. G.

Bric-a-Brac.

ANIMAL STRENGTH.—While five men can easily hold down a full-grown lion, it takes nine to hold down a royal Bengal tiger. For ferocity the palm among the great cats is awarded to the South American jaguar, a creature so bold that he sometimes strolls into the high street of an inhabited town, and walks off at his leisure with a small selection of the prominent citizens.

LOVERS' METHODS.—In Italy, a lover places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, "You are very handsome and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies, "I consent;" but if she turns her head, it is a denial. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her is only indifference; to place yourself near her is interest; but to follow her in your dance is love.

IN THE MINES.—The great salt mines of Cracow, in Poland, employ 500 to 600 men at a time, and are, in fact, underground cities, with streets, roads, and a large population of human beings and horses. In these mines the natural salt forms the sides, roofs, and floors of a series of vast caverns; and when the men are all at work, and the light gleams from torches and lanterns on the toiling figures and glittering white crystals, the scene is very striking.

THE DUDE.—An historian thus describes the American dude of 1800: "The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and when in, to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head towards his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an old-fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen neckerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind."

OYSTER AND STAR-FISH.—Man is not the only enemy of the oyster; the star-fish lives on oysters all the year round. Its mode of opening is somewhat novel. Settling down bodily on the young or old oyster, with its five long arms arranged around the edge of the shell, the moment the oyster opens its mouth to breathe or feed, the star-fish injects its juice into the opening, which kills the occupant of the shell in a short time. Then commences the feast. The presence of the fish and his designs are understood by the oyster, which will keep closed for as long as a week or eight days.

AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH.—A Egyptian fellah's clothes consist of a long blue shirt, over this a home-spun goats'-hair mantle, and a felt cap, but he is accustomed to work all day with no clothing, and hardly ever wears shoes. His food consists principally of common pea cakes, sour milk and a large quantity of water-melons when in season. He rarely eats meat, except perhaps on the great feast-days. The houses of the fellaheen are miserably dirty huts: four walls built of Nile mud are covered by a roof of pea stalks; there is a low door, but rarely any window. The furniture consists of a few mats and a bed, which also serves for a table.

TOBACCO.—An expert in fine foreign tobaccos tells us that "the American tobacco is strong, because only the male plant grows on this side of the Atlantic, while the female plant is the exclusive product of Turkey and the Orient." In that fair and sunny land, where nightingales and flower gardens are the prize of every day life, tobacco growing has become an art. A tropical sun woos it. Circassian maidens in spiced petticoats spray its leaves with perfumed water from lotos brooks, while dark-eyed houris charm away insects with music distilled from sweet guitars. When the harvest moon is high in the Mahometan sky the leaves are ready for cutting and curing.

ALIVE.—In the central square of the Capitol at Rome, surrounded on three sides by buildings, stands a very large bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, once Emperor of Rome mounted on a spirited horse. This is the only equestrian statue which has been preserved in a perfect condition out of the many that decorated ancient Rome. Michael Angelo, who designed the buildings which at present stand on this hill, was very fond of this statue, and especially admired the horse. One day, while he was studying it, he forgot that it was not alive, and wishing to see it in another position, he cried out, "go on." After looking at this horse for some time, one might easily imagine that a shout or a touch of a whip would make it jump.

THE GARMENT GORY.—A number of correspondents have written to a number of newspapers lately, inquiring about the origin of the phrase "bloody shirt" so often used in the political discussions of the present day. We know of no better explanation than that given by Roscoe Conkling in a speech made in New York, September 17, 1880. Referring to the "bloody shirt," he said: "It is a relief to remember that this phrase, with the thing it means, is no invention of our politics. It dates back to Scotland, three centuries ago. After a massacre in Glenfruin, not so savage as has stained our annals, 228 widows rode on white palfreys to Stirling Tower, bearing each on a spear her husband's bloody shirt. The appeal waked Scotland's slumbering sword, and outlawry and the block made the name of Glenfruin terrible to victorious Clan Alpine, even to the third and fourth generation."

AFTER RAIN.

Could we know the loss and sorrow
That the days to come may bring,
Would we toil on bravely, darling?
Would we ever care to sing?
Ah, I think our steps would falter,
And our eyes with tears grow dim,
And our music catch the cadence
Of a sad, despairing hymn.

Could we see the thorns and briers
Growing tall about our road,
Hearts would lose their hope and courage
And sink down beneath their load.
We would shrink before them, crying,
Lo! the thorns will wound our feet,
If we try to venture through them
We shall surely find defeat.

Oh, thank God, the clouds are hidden
That the coming days may bring.
In the sunshine of the present
Let us journey on and sing.
Let us pluck the flowers growing
In the grass about our feet,
And forget about the briers
Till their thorns we chance to meet.

Let us bridge life's snares and pitfalls
With a faith that's brave and strong,
And keep up our hearts by singing,
One and all, a cheerful song.
Many a voice will lose its sadness,
One and all, a cheerful strain,
By remembering that the sunshine
Always follows after rain!

A Thief in the Candle.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE CUNNING," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "BENEATH THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LETTER FOR ADAM ROBSON.

CLARA was seated at the breakfast-table in the first floor room, reading, when about ten o'clock Devick entered, with a pale, hunted look, and his eyes sunken, and with dark marks beneath them.

He looked suspiciously at Clara, and she smiled and shook her head at him.

"Are you not wealthy enough?" she said quietly; "why will you harass yourself and go through this wear and tear for the sake of more?"

"Bah!" he said, impatiently, as he threw himself into a chair.

He drank the coffee she gave him, watching her from time to time, and ready a dozen times over to charge her with defeating him in his scheme of the past night.

But he could not feel sure.

The story told him by Gedge was probable enough.

She might have placed Grace in her brother's care at the asylum, but Gedge, in one of his drunken fits, could have been deceived.

He swore that Grace was there; but his oath was worth nothing, and it might not have been so after all.

He sat thinking, but excitement, want of sleep, and his blind passion for Grace, newly whetted as it had been, robbed him of the power of calm, unimpassioned thought.

Besides, he argued, if Clara had had anything to do with the past night's affair, she could not have been seated there so very calmly.

No; Gedge—the idiot!—had deceived him, and Clara had not been fighting against him.

It had been a miserable piece of deception—a wretched, wild-goose chase; and he felt half mad at having wasted valuable time over an attempt to gratify his passion, when he had suspicions that he was watched by other than Grace Robson's friends.

"You look as if a few hours' sleep would do you good," said Clara, refilling his cup; and this time, instead of pushing it across, she rose and took it to him, passing behind his chair, and, after placing it before him, her hand strayed over his forehead for a few moments, and she bent down and kissed him.

"Delilah!" he said to himself; "she would give me up to the police in a moment."

But as he said this, he felt that it was not true, and, with a manifestation of affection that was strange for him, he passed his arm round her, drew her on to his knees, and kissed her twice.

She returned to her place with her heart beating, her large eyes flashing, and a swelling in her bosom that made her rejoice and think that she would yet win.

"I have been wrong," thought Devick. "She's true enough. If she had not been, I should have been in jail long ago."

He sat talking to her more gently than he had for many months past; and when at last he rose and went down to his private room, Clara covered her eyes with her handkerchief and wept for some minutes.

She rang, and little Polly Dee came up, pale of face and busy as ever, to clear the table, while Clara sat back, trying to plan out some good scheme for getting Grace away.

"Please, 'm," said the little woman, at last, "didn't you say I was to clean out the attics next time I come?"

"Yes—no! Why?" exclaimed Clara, turning upon her excitedly.

"Because I've been up, ma'am, and they are locked up. I couldn't get in."

"Don't go up again," said Clara, quickly. "They cannot be done at present. When did you go up?"

"Just now, mum, again. I went up before, soon as I'd come at seven, after you'd let me in."

"I will tell you when you are to clean them," said Clara, very sternly. "Now go down."

The little charwoman looked at her wonderingly, and then descended to the kitchen.

* * * * * *

That same morning, Adam Robson and his wife sat over their breakfast, both looking pale and careworn, though times seemed to have altered a good deal for the better.

They had changed their place of residence, and were now in well-furnished apartments; but prosperity had not brought peace.

"If I could find out where the letters came from—trace them in some way, Hannah," said Robson, pushing away his half-eaten breakfast. "She must be with Devick but I cannot bring it home to him."

"We must find him out at last "said Mrs. Robson, sadly. "Ah, Adam, if we could only be poor again, and as we were!"

"With Devick our enemy, and in his debt. What folly! There, I must go."

"Go? Where?"

"To work," said Robson, taking out his pocket-book. "I have the plans and recipes here for submitting to a great Berlin house this morning. Work seems to ease my brain and give me rest."

Mrs. Robson sighed, and after a time her husband rose and left the house.

It was drawing towards evening when he returned, to find the postman on the doorstep, and he went upstairs with a letter directed to him.

Mrs. Robson was waiting for him anxiously.

"How long you have been!" she cried. "I do get so anxious when you are away so long."

"Business—business," he said, quietly; and it was without a trace of elation that he continued—"I have concluded an arrangement with the great Berlin house, wife. It will be worth three thousand a year to me."

"Adam!"

"Quite true, wife," he said; and he slowly opened the letter he had received, read it, and then glanced round.

Mrs. Robson had left the room, to see about his dinner, and, with a sigh of relief at her absence, he hurried out and down into the passage, where he read the letter once more by the lamp.

"Dear Mr. Robson,—I know the anxiety you feel, and that is why I have written this. I may have been deceived, but I could almost swear that I saw Miss Robson in company with a lady, enter Mr. Devick's house in Counter Street at a very early hour this morning.

"Yours faithfully,
"FRANK BRAND."

"Ah, then I was right," muttered Adam Robson. "The scoundrel!" — the liar! But he shall give her up now, if I die for it!"

Without waiting to say where he was going, he hurried out, and, full of his purpose made straight for Devick's house.

"He will refuse to see me," he said to himself, as he hurried on; "but I will wait—I will watch night and day till I find her. I'll force my way in. He will never dare to refuse me entrance when I tell him I know. And then—bah! he shall not quit my sight till she is his wife."

Something like a sob escaped his lips as this determination was made.

Would he be acting kindly to his child in forcing her to become the wife of such a villain?

Besides, by that ceremony he would be making her over to Devick and giving up every right over his child.

He trembled as he thought of this, and stopped for a moment or two, clinging to the area railings of the house he passed, while he wiped the chilly perspiration from his brow.

"I must go on with it," he panted. "Better anything than that."

He recovered himself and hurried on, bent of head, seeing nothing but the face of Rice Devick, pale and shrinking before his just anger; and it was still before him as he reached the street at last and knocked loudly at Devick's door.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEVICK'S ARRANGEMENTS.

FOR reasons consequent upon hints he had received, Rice Devick spent the day shut up in his room.

Clara went down several times, but he did not admit her, and she went, after each refusal, to a closet right in the back of the house, where she laid her hand upon the wall.

On the first occasion it was warm; later on it was hotter; and at the last visit she snatched her hand away burned; and stood there listening to a low dull roar, as of a furnace in full action.

She went away and closed the door, going down to the kitchen and setting the old charwoman, Tolly, fresh tasks, so that there should be no excuse for her to come upstairs.

Then, ascending, she busied herself in the upper part of the house, and, after listening intently to make sure that she was not likely to be interrupted, she went to the end of a narrow passage, right at the top of the house, where a narrow ladder led up to a trap door.

This, with some difficulty, she unbolted, for it had not been undone for a great many years.

Then, after making sure that it would open easily, she went down, closed a door which shut the attic floor from the rest of the house.

Meanwhile, Devick was busy enough, with the two wings of the centre book-case thrown back, disclosing a small room, in one corner of which was a furnace, with crucibles, two of which were in action, and gradually filling with molten silver, which he rapidly brought down from its solid state by throwing in nitre and increasing the draught of his little furnace.

The doors and windows of his library were covered with thick curtains, which shut in every ray of light, but kept out every breath of air, so that the laboratory and library were stiflingly hot; but Devick did not seem to heed this, and toiled on, with his brow wet with perspiration, melting down silver and, in a smaller crucible, gold, emptying the vessels at times by means of a peculiarly shaped pair of tongs, which embraced the crucibles, and enabled him to empty them into the moulds, where the molten metal took the form of little bars.

This he did over and over again, cooling the ingots afterwards in a cistern of water standing in the opposite corner of the laboratory; and at last there was a goodly pile of the precious metals.

His next act suggested the despatch of the converted metal, either away, or as part of his personal luggage, for he busily packed the ingots in three small solid-leather portmanteaus, filling up the interstices from a sack of bran.

This done, he went back to the library, where, from a safe hidden behind books, he took out several small packets, one of which he opened and added to another for convenience's sake, and displaying its contents—sparkling, unset diamonds.

These he stored in a belt which had a series of little leather packets, and strapped it round him beneath his vest.

He worked hard, but in a quiet, methodical way, closing the safe afterwards, and placing all the litter of paper in the corner of the laboratory, as if ready to burn in the furnace with the store of wood and charcoal that filled one side.

This done, he opened another safe in a different part of the room.

This also was hidden behind books, and from it he took a large bill-case, well filled with Bank of England notes.

These he transferred to a couple of pocket-books, and these to the breasts of the coat hanging from a hook on the wall, in company with an overcoat and a sealskin cap.

There were other indications of journey or flight, for from a drawer Devick took some loose gold and silver, part of which he put in his trousers pocket, part in a small canvas bag in the other.

Next he opened the drawer of his writing-table and took out a small double-barreled pistol, saw that it was loaded and capped, and placed that in his breast, while a flask and bullet-pouch, with a box of caps—it was before the days of breech-loading revolvers and handy cartridges—were placed in the pocket of his overcoat.

At last he stood looking keenly about him thoughtful, and evidently calculating whether he had left anything undone.

He seemed well satisfied that he had not.

He had melted down all the plate he had in his laboratory, and it and a quantity of more valuable metal were packed in the stout leather cases, which lay strapped ready for carrying away.

His safes were empty, and, with a curious smile upon his face, he now went to a book-case, unlocked and slid back the closed doors at the bottom, exposing a number of bottles, several of which were marked "brandy," while the large, short-necked, stoppered bottles were labelled Sp. Vin.

These he carried into the laboratory, where the little furnace glowed still and roared, and placed together on the floor, all but one, which he stood outside upon a book-shelf.

From the same cupboard he took a couple of large packets of saltpetre, which he laid upon a bench, breaking the paper, so that the crystal ran out over the place, some of it crunching beneath his feet upon the floor.

"I think that will do," he said to himself. "They won't learn many secrets when that has done its work."

He stood thinking for a few minutes now and then, as it determined upon his plan of action, busily shoveled a quantity more charcoal on the fire, turned a damper, so that it should not burn too rapidly, and then returned to the library, half closed the doors, took the bottle of spirits of wine from the book-shelf and made an "offer" as if about to throw it crashing down upon the bottles he had placed upon the floor, and then closed the doors quickly.

"Yes, that would do it," he said, softly; "and it would not break out through those doors for a quarter of an hour. They may sift the ashes afterwards, if they like; and if they do find anything—well, the poor wretch was burned by accident."

He uttered a low, peculiar laugh just then; and as if by accident, his eyes rested upon one place on the carpet where it was slightly discolored.

For a few moments he could not withdraw his eyes, but stood as if fascinated, till, with a shudder, he turned his back upon the place, looked at his watch, and, hastily putting on his coat, sat down, turned up the shaded lamp, and waited.

The room was excessively hot, and, after a glance round to see that all was right, he drew back a window curtain and opened the inner window, and then the outer, lowering it a good deal at the top, and raising it a trifle at the bottom.

This done, he drew the lower part of the curtain across and pinned it, so that the room was screened from outside observation but the heated air could escape.

"Help the draught, too, when the game begins," he muttered.

He sat down and thought again for a few moments, with his brows knit, and afterwards rose and rang his bell.

Clara came to him at the end of a minute, touching the gong over the door, and he crossed the room and let her in.

"How very hot you are here!" she said, quietly.

"Yes; I have opened the windows," he replied. "Look here, my girl."

She caught at his hand.

It was so long since he had spoken so kindly.

"There, don't be childish," he said, smiling at her. "Look here, I want you to go up to the cottage at once."

She turned very pale, but she did not wince.

"To-night?" she said.

"Yes; now. Wait there till I come, or till Gedge or Rixon comes up with something in a cab. Be ready to take it in, and place it—you know where."

"Have you any other order?" she said, calmly.

He did not answer for a few moments.

"No," he said; "you have a key?"

"Yes."

"Go, then, at once."

She wanted to look at him, but she dare not.

"Shall I come back here to-night?" she asked.

"No," he replied; "the morning will do, if you don't see me."

She left the room quietly enough, but the next moment her whole aspect was changed.

Her eyes flashed, her cheeks flushed, and she seemed to be suffering from some violent emotion.

She wasted no time, though, but hurried downstairs, where little Polly Dee was busy, in her quiet way, at the back, whispered a few words to her, the result of which was that the candle was extinguished, and the little woman drew back in the corner of the back kitchen and sat down to wait.

Then, running upstairs, glancing over her shoulder to see that the library door was closed, she came down directly in shawl, bonnet, and veil, putting on her gloves as she descended the stairs.

As she passed the library door, she gave a light rap with her knuckles, passed on, and went out, closing the door after her.

She knew that Devick would be at the window watching, but she did not turn her head, only crossed the street in front of the house and walked rapidly away.

She passed a boy in a doorway, evidently watching, and a figure which she knew to be Gedge; but she took no heed of them, only walked rapidly to the end of the street turned down to the right, and, after awhile, again to her right, coming at last to a narrow alley leading to the back of Devick's house, and into this she glided, starting slightly as she brushed against a rough-looking man, evidently watching too, though he assumed to be drunk.

He made way for her, and she shrank and shivered; but her business was too urgent for her to notice him after he had slunk away, and she went on till she came to a low window looking on the alley, and, after making sure that she was unseen, she tapped lightly.

There was a moment's pause, and then the window glided up without a sound, showing dimly Polly Dee's faded face, looking out like some wistful-looking little creature through a grating of iron bars.

"Stand back," whispered Clara; "I have been watched, and I may be too late!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

FACE TO FACE.

CLARA MARLOW seized one of the iron bars, twisted it half round, raised it another inch, twisted it again, depressed it, twisted once more, and then she could raise it from its socket, and it slid slowly up, leaving room for her to pass through.

She knew more of Devick's secrets than he supposed.

She looked to left and right, but said nothing, and in a few seconds she had glided through, the bar was lowered and secured, the window sash drawn and fastened, and the rough-looking man, who had been invisible to Clara, gave a satisfied grunt.

"Keep here till I tell you to go," whispered Clara; and the little charwoman subsided again into her seat, while her mistress stole to the foot of the stairs, listened, and finally glided up, past the library door, and then on and on, up into the darkness of the upper regions of the house, where she seated herself upon the stairs and listened.

Meanwhile Devick, after seeing Clara pass the window, began walking up and down the room slowly.

"I can write to her afterwards," he said. "Poor old girl! Bah! am I growing sentimental?"

He stopped and listened, for there was a faint creak that he knew as being made by the area gate, and then through the open window he could hear descending steps, and the next moment one of the gongs in his room gave a faint ting.

He crossed to the bookcase in the recess by the fireplace, threw it open, went into the little lobby it revealed, and descended the stairs to the kitchen door, where he ad-

mitted Gedge, without thinking to make sure that no one was about.

It was the last time, he told himself, and the house was empty.

He closed the door, and Gedge followed him up into the library, where, after glancing round, he whispered—

"I don't know what you know and what you don't know, master; but the police are making a lot of inquiries about Edward Marshall. I say no more."

"Don't," said Devick, quietly.

As he spoke he stretched out his hand quickly to catch Gedge by the shoulder, but the man started back and drew a short life-preserver from his breast.

"Pish! coward!" cried Devick; "my hand is empty! What did you think I meant to do?"

"I didn't know," replied Gedge, surlily. "Thought I knew too much, perhaps, and wasn't safe."

"Don't be an idiot, Gedge. Trust me. I trust you. Look here."

He crossed the room and threw open the two folds of the bookcase, showing the little laboratory, with its apparatus, and the furnace burning with a low, dull roar.

"Well I'm blessed,guv'nor!" said Gedge, replacing his life-preserver. "I knew the melting-pot was somewhere, but I never should have thought it was there."

Devick smiled.

"Look here," he said, "help me down with these."

"What, below?"

"Yes, and then get a cab for me. I must have them away at once."

"Think it's safe?"

"Yes, now. To-morrow it may not be safe. Quick!"

They each took a handle,and, with the saltpetre crunching beneath their feet, carried out one of the portmanteaus,took it through the second door and down the stairs, leaving it by the area entrance, and then returned for the other.

They had only just entered the room when there was a tremendous peal at the knocker, which went echoing through the house.

Devick snatched open a drawer, and, as if involuntarily, took from it a little whalebone-handled life-preserver, but, with a hasty pish! thrust it into his breast, the first action being that of the man who sees danger everywhere — hears it in every sound.

Recovering himself directly, he pointed to the recess, into which Gedge stepped on the instant, and the bookcase was closed upon him.

Then the folds were thrust to over the laboratory, and save that there were a few crystals of saltpetre on the carpet, the room looked innocent as the library of a student.

As Devick crossed to the door, there was another peal at the knocker,and he hesitated for a moment or two,but finally threw open the door, walked into the hall, and the next minute was face to face with Adam Robson.

"At last!" cried the latter, fiercely, as he pressed in, Devick giving way. "At last, at last!"

"You, Robson!" he said, coolly, as he closed the door.

"Yes, I! My daughter! Scoundrel! Give me my child!"

He gripped Devick by the arm, but the latter did not resent it.

"Still troubled with that mad idea," he said, coolly. "There, come in, and let's talk sensibly—if we can."

He walked into the library, and Robson followed him, taken aback once more by his coolness.

The doors were closed, and Devick then went and shut down the window and thrust up the top sash, disappearing for a moment behind the curtains.

Robson was at his side directly, but felt half ashamed as Devick came back smiling.

"Think I was going?" he said, cheerfully. "There then, sit down; I haven't many minutes to give you. Now,once for all,what am I to say to you?"

"Give me my child, Rice Devick!" said Robson, fiercely. "She is here!"

"She is not here, and I have not seen her since the day she came with that boy, I tell you. Now be satisfied and go, my good fellow, for I am busy."

For answer, Robson took a chair, planted it heavily on the carpet, and seated himself.

"Here I stay!" he said, firmly, "till you have given me my child."

Devick's countenance changed,but forced a smile.

"You will stay till you die,then," he said coolly. "I have not seen your child, and I don't know where she is."

"Then I will tell you," said Robson, rising: "she is here!"

"Nonsense, man! She is not."

"I say she is! She was seen to enter this house at a very early hour this morning."

"What?"

"I repeat it. She was seen to enter this house, very early in the morning, with a lady."

Devick's eyes dilated, and he started to his feet and grasped the back of his large chair.

"Bah! Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "You are dreaming."

The idea seemed to be too preposterous to receive more than a moment's credit. "Mr. Robson, once more, I am very busy; will you go?"

"Yes," said Robson, firmly; "I will go and call in the police. This house shall be searched from cellar to attic."

He had by this time reached the door,but he did not understand the bolts, and it would not open.

"Open the door!" he said, angrily; "the police shall settle this.

"Mr. Robson, will you go quietly?" said Devick,with an unnatural calm in his voice and manner.

"With my child, you villain! Not till then. Open this door!"

"When you have given me your promise to go back to your home, with my assurance that your daughter is not here."

"Then the window will do!" cried Robson, sharply, and, darting to the curtain,he was in the act of drawing it aside to throw open the sash when there was more of a wild beast's bound than a run, and Devick had him by the collar, and dragged him back.

Then, quick as lightning, there were a couple of blows delivered, the first on the staggering man's skull as he was drawn back, the second on his temple, as he swung himself round in an impotent effort to seize his adversary; and then Adam Robson clutched at vacancy, fell heavily upon the carpet,and,life-preserver in hand, Devick bent over him, watching the starting eyes, the twitching features, and the blood that began to flow from the broad white brow.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT BAY!

"YOU'VE done it now!" said a hoarse voice; and Devick turned sharply, to see that Gedge was stand in the little passage, with the bookcase thrust back.

"The old idiot! He brought it upon himself!" cried Devick, hoarsely.

"Guv'nor," said Gedge, "I don't want to see you swing, but that's a dead man."

"The fool! He should have taken my word, then!" cried Devick, looking round the room anxiously, and examining the curtains over the window, to make sure that the scene could not have been witnessed from without.

Gedge went down on one knee by Robson and laid his hand upon his breast and throat, shaking his head as he did so.

"Well?" cried Devick anxiously.

Gedge tightened his lips and rose slowly, raising his eyebrows as he looked at Devick.

The latter passed his hand across his brow.

"Well, it is unfortunate," he said; "but we must get away. It will not be found out."

"We, eh!" growled Gedge.

"Yes, man, we.No shuffling now. If it is one, it is both."

Gedge shrugged his shoulders.

"Did I want to kill the poor wretch?"

"Silence! You know now you would stand as an accomplice," said Devick. "Hold your tongue and work with me. There will be no traces left of this by morning."

"And no traces left of me is I don't look out for myself," thought Gedge, feeling in his breast for his life-preserver, as Devick went to the bookcase and threw open the two folds.

"Now then quick!"

Gedge understand the order without further words; and as Devick went to Robson's head, he took his feet, and helped to bear him into the laboratory, where Devick threw his burden roughly down.

"Now!" he cried, taking a handle of one of the two remaining portmanteaus. Gedge took the other and they carried it into the room, set it on a chair, and Devick took out his pocket-handkerchief, bent down, and removed a stain from the carpet, and then went back into the laboratory and thrust the handkerchief into the furnace.

This done, he came out, closed the folds again, and opened the door leading into the cellar passage below.

They passed through this, closing the door after them, and the room, with its shaded lamp, looked peaceful as the home of some grave scholar, no trace being visible of Devick's last deed by the light cast down, while the upper part of the room was almost dark.

Some few minutes before, after watching the house for a long time from the other side of the road, and wondering whether the light he had seen shine for a moment at one of the attic windows had anything to do with the object he had in view, Jack Dee darted across, the street being apparently empty, and tried to open the area gate.

He tried in vain, for the lock only gave way at a peculiar touch known to those initiated.

That did not hinder him long, for, active as a monkey, he was over the gate in an instant and down the area steps.

Reaching the bottom, he darted into one of the open cellars, and from thence inspected the place, to see in front of him two strongly-barred windows and a door.

This latter he crept out and tried twice over, and then essayed to squeeze himself through the bars.

"What's the good o' having such a big head?" he muttered; "I ought to have been able to get through there."

He heard a slight noise within that sent him back to the cellar, and the next moment the door opened and Devick and Gedge bore out one of the little portmanteaus.

To Jack's horror, they carried it across the area and into the cellar where he was hiding; and but for the fact that he glided back silently, they would have touched him.

The intense darkness saved him, and he crouched down, holding his breath till they had set down their load and returned into the area, crossed it, and as Jack darted forward he saw the door closed.

"Wonder what's in it?" he muttered, as he slipped out and up the area steps again, where he looked at the front of the house.

From the centre of the area railings a strong curved bar or stay ran across to the house, and in a few moments the boy had gone along inside the railings, to stand by this stay, whose other end was fixed midway between the library windows.

The boy hesitated for a moment; then, catching the bar, he went along it hand over hand, swung by it as he reached the wall, and tried to obtain a foothold.

There was none apparently, but directly after his feet rested on a ledge not half an inch wide, where a band of stucco ran along, and, with a display of agility which would have done credit to a monkey, he supported himself on this, holding the iron bar with one hand, and reaching out the other till he could touch the window-sill on his right.

The next minute he was seated upon it, listening, with his ear close to the glass.

"Wonder whether master's in here!" he said to himself; "I'll swear he didn't come out again, nor Miss Grace neither."

All was perfectly still, so, thrusting his finger-nails in the crack at the bottom, and striving hard as he sat with his back to the panes, the sash yielded a little, running up easily, with a silence that told of its being kept in admirable order, and in a few seconds there was space sufficient for the boy to glide through head first, like a short, thick serpent.

Devick had not reclosed the inner window, and Jack knelt between the opening and the curtains, one of which he raised slightly at the bottom, and peeped in.

The place was empty and silent.

The lamp cast its light on table and floor, and the upper part of the room was dark, save a disk of light on the ceiling.

"What a jolly place!" muttered Jack. "Nobody here. He must be upstairs."

With all the recklessness of a boy, he crept under the curtain, and, remaining on hands and knees, ran like some animal straight to the baize door, which he tried to open, but in vain.

The catch was shot, and all his efforts were useless.

He looked round for some other way of exit, but there was none visible, and just then his quick ear caught a rustling sound.

Sharp as some wild creature, he looked round for a hiding-place, and was about to dart behind one of the curtains, but the bookcases and the darkness overhead attracted him, and, quickly stepping up from shelf to shelf, he lay at full length upon the top of one of them by the window, in the dust, the broad cornice effectually hiding him from view.

He had hardly lain down when, to his astonishment, the bookcase by the fireplace fell back and Devick and Gedge entered: and while the boy held his breath and gazed with wonder, he saw Devick throw open the folds of the bookcase that concealed the laboratory; and it was only by a strong effort that he kept back a cry of horror, as he saw lying in the ruddy glow cast by the furnace the figure of Adam Robson, with the blood flowing from his temple and glistening horribly in the golden light.

Then the door swung to, and a deathly sensation of sickness came over the boy, making the lamp seem to rise and fall, and he was in the act of clutching hard at the cornice, with his ghastly face peering over it, when the two folds parted, and Devick and Gedge bore out another of the leather cases.

This too was set down, the folds swung to and closed, while Devick took his overcoat and seal cap from where they hung, laid them on the table ready, and placed the bottle of spirits of wine at their side.

"Ah! give's a glass of that," said Gedge. "I'm thirsty."

"I've not done with you yet, Gedge. Why, man, that would kill you!" replied Devick. "Come along."

Jack watched them out through the farther door, and as it closed he lay for a few minutes trembling, and if chained to the spot.

Then with a hysterical sob he climbed rapidly down, ran to the entrance of the laboratory and tried to drag the folds open, beating frantically at the woodwork, and panting hoarsely—

"Master! oh, master! They've killed him," he sobbed, in a low, frightened voice. "What shall I do?"

He tried again; then ran to the baize door, but though he rattled the handle he could not open it.

He ran across to the door through which Devick had passed with Gedge, but he could not open that, and running back to the baize door rattled the handle again.

"What shall I do? Help!" he cried, hoarsely.

And he was about to run to the window, when he caught sight of a knob by the door.

This he seized and pulled.

There was a faint ting outside, and the baize door gave way.

In an instant Jack had opened the outer door, and Clara entered.

"Who are you?" she cried, catching him by the collar. "What are you doing here?"

"My master!" he panted hoarsely,hardly able to give utterances to his words—"my master—Mr. Robson—murdered—there!"

"Silence! nonsense!" Clara cried, angrily.

"He is, I tell you, in there!" panted the boy, running to the bookcase and dragging at it.

"Boy, are you mad?" cried Clara, who was ghastly pale now; and she shook him fiercely, and tore him from the case.

"No!" he cried, struggling with her: "I see him in there, all bleeding. He's in there. Police!"

"Silence!" she cried, clapping her hand over the boy's mouth, though his cry was only a hoarse whisper, and the poor fellow was so unnerved that he was like a child in her hands.

"My master! Miss Grace! Oh! pray, pray help!" he cried, clinging to the woman,and grovelling upon his knees."

"Hush, boy! Let me think!" she cried; and then to herself—"Has it come to this? I must now—I must."

She shook the boy off,and, evidently well acquainted with the secret, threw open the folds of the bookcase,and started back with horror at the sight she saw.

It was only momentary, this shrinking, for, stepping in,with the crystals crunching beneath her feet, she raised Robson, and, getting her arms beneath him, dragged him out into the room, oversetting one of the bottles in the act, and then, as she laid him on the carpet, the folds swung to, there was a dull click, and the woman stood gazing down with horror at the bleeding figure.

"Has it come this?" she moaned very loudly.

"Ah!"

She uttered a loud sigh and glanced round.

"He has gone — fled!" she muttered. "That is why I was sent away. Stop, boy! where are you going?"

"Doctor!" panted the boy, whose face was livid.

"No; hold that to his head!" she cried, throwing him her handkerchief. "I will go for help."

She ran to the baize door, and as she passed through her old habits of helping Devick in his illicit life asserted themselves.

The feeling was on her that she must save him even now, when he had added murder to his other crimes, and do everything in her power to keep the police from the track of the man she had always faithfully loved.

It was this induced her to close both doors after her,and, in place of summoning a doctor, go down to whisper to Polly Dee to come up while she ran upstairs for some brandy, and linen to staunch the wound.

The various incidents followed very quickly.

Half blinded with tears and trembling with horror,the boy was busily binding the handkerchief over the gash in Robson's head, when the farther bookcase revolved, and Devick came softly in, caught up, and slipped on the overcoat as he stood by the farther side of the table, put on the seal cap and took up the glass bottle,stepping round the table to go to the laboratory.

The apparition was so sudden that Devick staggered back, his hand seeking his breast pocket, and the pair stood glaring at each other for a few moments in silence.

A curious reaction too place.

At the sight of the body of the man he believed he had murdered—dragged, as it were, from its tomb, where, in a few moments, its cremation would have commenced—the reckless daring and the cool, ingenious courage of the scheming villain seemed to have left him, while, at the sight of the man who had stricken down his master, the horror and dread that had chained Jack as in a nightmare gave place to a feeling of injury and rage that made him spring to his feet, shouting, "Police! help! police!"

As he raised the alarm, he made a bold dash at Devick, who, in his dread, instead of turning fiercely at bay, fled from him, backing round the table and keeping it and the lamp between them.

"Help! police! police!" yelled Jack.

"Silence, boy; hush! Silence!" panted Devick.

"Coward! Help! murder!" shouted Jack; and,quicker in the advance than Devick in his backward retreat, he rushed at him round the table, when there was a flash, a report,the lamp shade was shivered to atoms, and poor Jack reeled, and then fell heavily beyond the the table by the farther door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HEART.—The heart cannot place its resources at the disposal of every new claimant. The heart, as the years go on, withdraws more and more into itself, and at the grave it must part with all that is earthly that is yet left. "He shall carry nothing away with him when he dieth: neither shall his pomp follow him," said the psalmist of the wealthy three thousand years ago. All is left at the gate of death, except, except—that knowledge and love of the everlasting Being who binds us to himself, which is our true outfit for eternity. It is something in a world of shadows to come in contact with the real; it is something when all is passing away from us to lay firm hold on the eternal; on the indestructible.

REGULATION OF DREAMS.—A French investigator finds from experiments upon himself that the character of his dreaming may be controlled by stimulating various portions of the brain by means of heat. By covering his forehead with a layer of wadding he gets sane, intelligent dreams. He has also experimented on different modes of lying, which favor the flow of blood to particular parts, increasing their nutrition and functional activity. He has observed that the dreams he has while lying on his back are sensorial, variegated luxurious. Those experienced when on the right side are mobile, full of exaggeration, absurd and refer to old matters; but those produced when on the left side are intelligent and reasonable and relate to recent matters in these dreams one often speaks.

IN NOVEMBER.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Oh, hear ye not a voice that comes a-singing through the trees,
Across the mead and down the dell, along the dying breeze?
And hear ye not the burden of its melancholy song,
Upon the lingering winds of Autumn sadly borne along?
"Home, shepherds; home, sheep; winter cometh near;
Wither, flowers; fall, leaves; days will soon be drear."

And hear ye not another voice a-sighing o'er the main,
Across the surf, along the beach, a monody of pain?
Oh, tremble while ye listen to its melancholy song,
Upon the lingering winds of Autumn sadly borne along:
"Part, lovers; part, maids; winter cometh near:
Sleep, kisses; die, love; life will soon be drear."

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE Captain had gone to a pic-nic, leaving the mother and daughter together.

"Angela," said her ladyship, "you are strangely unlike other girls. You are more than eighteen years of age, yet you have never had a lover, you have never met any one you care for."

"No," laughed Angela, "I am fancy free, mamma. I love you best in the world, and while I have you to love and to care for, I want no one else. I do not believe," she added, turning with a pretty caressing gesture to her mother, "that even you know how much I love you."

"I know you are the best and dearest daughter in the world," responded her ladyship; "but, Angel, you must marry some time or other."

"I do not see the absolute necessity, mamma," the girl said gravely. "I can imagine a very happy life without marriage. I met many nice men in London—handsome, clever, and agreeable: but I never met one whom I should care to marry."

She looked at her mother with laughing eyes, as she added, "I will wait, mamma, until I find some one like my father, and I will marry him; then I must be very happy."

Just for that one hour they had both forgotten the Captain and the weight of sorrow that oppressed them.

* * * * * *

The month of September had drawn to a close, and the Captain had begun to tire of Switzerland.

The beauties of nature had but little charm for him, and he would have found time hang terribly heavy on his hands but for a small and select circle of friends, most of them men of his own calibre, who were stopping in the same place.

He made many excuses to himself—he was tired of the Continent—Lady Laura was much better—it was time they had a change.

But the real truth remained—he wanted to see Gladys Rane once more.

Her ladyship might, from his silence, have thought he had forgotten her; but she knew the days on which the mail brought letters from Paris.

She knew the envelopes with the pretty monogram "G. R.," and the sweet subtle odor of violets that distinguished everything belonging to Gladys Rane.

She saw that on the days these letters came her husband was always light-hearted and happy.

She would find him sitting alone, with a happy brooding smile on his face, and she knew the cause of it.

How could she get well? Why need she get well?

She had wantonly spoiled and ruined her life by marrying a man for his good looks, and she must pay the penalty.

One thing however Lady Laura did not know—she had no idea that Gladys Rane had written to the Captain to say that Lady Kinloch would insist on going to Brighton for a month, as some friends of hers were going thither, and how it would relieve the monotony, how it would brighten her life, if he were going thither at the same time.

One morning the Captain was in an unusually bright humor.

He said to his wife that he thought it was time they left Switzerland, and asked her whither she would like to go. Her answer was Rood.

To her there was no place like home; and for a short time he seemed to agree with her.

For a few hours the subject was not renewed; then suddenly the Captain took occasion to refer to it again.

"We will not go straight to Rood, Laura," he said. "It is some time since I have been to Bournemouth; would you like to go there dear?"

His manner was so much kinder than usual that her heart was filled with much delight.

How she loved him, in spite of all the wrong he had done her! The trusting, loving woman caught his hand and kissed it.

"I will go wherever you please, Vance," she replied.

Now was his opportunity; and he utilised it.

"I did think of Brighton," he said very slowly. "I like Brigton."

"We will go there then, if you prefer it," returned his wife.

"You look much better to-day, Laura," he observed.

"I am always better when you are kind to me, Vance," she said.

"And I am always kind, except when you are jealous," he remarked, with a kindly smile; and for a few hours a faint gleam of happiness came to her.

They reached Brighton safely, and found the queen of watering-places comparatively gay.

The Captain had engaged a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel; and in a short time Lady Laura seemed to benefit from the change.

One morning mother and daughter sat at one of the windows of the hotel, watching the sea and the visitors moving to and fro on the parade.

"Angel," said her ladyship suddenly, "I may be mistaken; but I really do believe that Vance is beginning to care for me; he is kinder, and seemed to think more about me. Do you think it is possible that, even if he did marry me without love, he might learn to love me now?"

"Quite possible, mamma," she answered; but in her heart she did not believe that he would ever do so.

She had hardly finished speaking when the Captain entered the room.

"Laura," he said, "will you not come out on the pier? The morning is charming; the sun is warm, and the air is fresh. The band is playing and there are some charming faces to be seen. Will you come, Angela?"

"With pleasure, if mamma goes," she answered.

The Captain might have felt proud of the ladies he was escorting.

There was a certain air of distinction about Lady Laura which always attracted attention, and Angela was the ideal of girlish grace and beauty.

"I am glad I came," said Lady Laura, as she stood upon the pier. "How bright the morning is!"

She was looking at the sea and listening to the wash of the waves, when suddenly the Captain stopped before a little group—stopped with a cry of pleasure that he hoped sounded as if he were surprised.

Looking up, her ladyship saw before her the dark fascinating face of Gladys Rane, flushed with delight, her dark eyes shining like stars. Lady Laura turned pale, her heart seemed to stop beating.

Her husband introduced her to the friends who were with Miss Rane, and she acknowledged the introduction with a very formal bow.

She could not speak. She saw as in a blinding glare the smiling face and shining eyes that were riveted on her husband's face; she heard as in a dream arrangements being made for driving that afternoon. She heard her own name mentioned, but she did not know who uttered it.

So this was the secret of her husband's desire to see Brighton, of his kindness to her!

He wished to keep on good terms with her that he might the better enjoy the society of her rival.

Gladys Rane, withdrawing just a little from the group, held out her daintily-gloved hand and smiled a fascinating triumphant smile, as she said—

"What a charming surprise, Lady Laura. How much better you are looking! When did you come?"

Angela, seeing the agitation under which her mother labored, hastened to the rescue.

"My mother is not so well as we could wish her," she replied. "We came on Tuesday, but we shall not make a long stay. Dear mamma," she added, turning to her mother, "you must not stand this hot sun; it will not do you any good."

"Walk on to the end of the pier, Laura," put in the Captain, in what he intended to be a careless, good-humored voice. "I will join you directly;" and, with a bow to his wife, he followed Miss Rane in the opposite direction.

"Angel," gasped Lady Laura, "I think my heart will break under this! Let us sit down; I cannot walk."

They sat for some minutes in silence; then she turned to her daughter.

"He knew she was here, Angel."

"I am afraid so, mamma," replied the girl full of pity for the suffering she saw in her mother's face.

When they had rested some time, Lady Laura said—

"They are out of sight, Angel. I shall not wait for the Captain; I must go home."

Two hours later the Captain returned to the hotel, full of good humor and high spirits. Hastily and somewhat noisily he entered his wife's room.

"So many invitations, Laura!" he began; but the words died on his lips.

His wife stood before him, tall and stately, proud and defiant, as he had never seen her before, her face unnaturally pale and her blue eyes flashing fire.

"You knew that woman was coming here," she broke in.

"What woman?" he asked.

"Gladys Rane," she replied. "You knew that she was coming, and you came here to meet her!"

He winced for a moment under the straightforward charge, then laughed contemptuously.

"What if I did?" he retorted. "In marrying you I did not renounce my freedom. I can surely go where I like and meet whom I will."

"You have no right to meet a woman who does her best to take your heart from me."

"Heart!" sneered the Captain. "What nonsense! I have no heart."

"That is indeed true," said her ladyship; "and that is why you care so little how cruelly you wound the hearts of others. You cannot deny it, Vance, that you came to Brighton on purpose to meet Miss Rane. All that you said about liking the place, all your show of kindness to me, was an excuse—a piece of hypocrisy from beginning to end."

"Well, what if it were?" he asked indifferently.

"You do not deny it?" he asked in return.

"I neither deny nor affirm it, Laura. I leave you to think and decide what you will. If you intend by all kinds of jealous fancies and absurd suspicions to spoil what might be a pleasant visit, you are at perfect liberty to do so. But let me give you a word of warning. You have seen only one side of my character as yet. Do not try me too far. The tragedy-queen business is a kind of thing I would not bear from any woman in the world, and therefore, if you are wise, you will never repeat it."

In the fierce-spoken man whose face was livid with anger, whose eyes shone with a dangerous light, no one would have recognized the handsome genial Captain.

Where were the musical voice and the caressing manner that won the love and admiration of all women?

An almost fiendish hate shone in his face, and his wife shrank from him as though he had struck her a blow.

"If you are wise," he cried threateningly, "You will not enrage me again!"

"You may be sure that I shall not do so," she replied, and swept from the room, leaving her husband ashamed of his victory.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM that time the shadow deepened and the breach between husband and wife widened.

The Captain avoided his wife, for her pale sad face was a reproach to him, and he knew well that his whole conduct was indefensible.

Day by day the coldness increased; but it did not interfere with the Captain's enjoyment.

He called at Lady Kinloch's as often as he thought prudent, and he troubled himself much about his wife just as little as possible.

The old gloom and melancholy returned to the unhappy woman, who, do as she would, could not tear her heart from the man she loved—could not love him less, although she knew that he was unworthy of her.

Then there came a new phase of her martyrdom, one that was most painful, when her heart and soul rose in hot rebellion against the cruel fate that was hers, when she cried to Heaven and asked why such torture and punishment fell to her lot.

There were hours when she would sit watching the sea, brooding silently over her sorrow, and then giving way to such bitter tears that Angela grew seriously alarmed. The unhappy and slighted wife had not felt this keen rebellion against her fate before; now she was keenly alive to it.

Mother and daughter was walking one morning down the King's Road, and they stopped before a shop with a number of pictures in it.

Lady Laura's attention was riveted by one of them.

The subject of it was the martyrdom of a young and beautiful woman. Underneath it was inscribed, "A Woman's Martyrdom."

Her ladyship stood gazing at it with fixed attention.

A woman, young and fair, with a veil of golden hair falling over her white neck and shoulders, lay fastened to to rack. In the background were the dark walls of a prison-cell, and the white body of the woman stood out against them in bold relief. The two grim executioners stood ready to begin their hateful task.

In the corner, half hidden by the shadows was a handsome man with a cruel, triumphant evil face.

It was not the fair limbs bound so tightly it was not the cruel deep lines made by rope or chain that drew Lady Laura's attention and kept it; it was the expression of unutterable pain on the face, the agony in the upturned eyes.

What her history could be who should know? Why she was dying that terrible death none could tell.

But it was plain to see that before the physical pain of her martyrdom had begun her heart was broken.

Her ladyship seemed fascinated by the picture.

"Angela," she said, in a low voice, "I should like to buy that. I must have it for my own."

"It is a melancholy picture, mamma," returned Angela, who knew by instinct what her mother thought and felt.

"I must have it, my dear," she declared. "'A Woman's Martyrdom'! Angel, I have been thinking that, despite their smiling faces, most women are martyrs in one way or another. Some live and move with a dagger at their heart, others with a sword suspended over their head; but I live as the woman in the picture, fastened to the rack. That woman's martyrdom, however is more merciful than mine. When her executioners apply that instrument she will soon cease to feel any pain; and the ropes that fasten her delicate body are not so terrible as the weight that drags at my heart. She will die quickly; but I must live on while suffering torture. Angel, is every woman's life a martyrdom?"

"No, mamma," she answered gently. "Think how happy you were when my father was alive. Think how happy and beloved you would be if he were living now."

"I must have the picture, Angel," repeated Lady Laura. "My dear, I am the woman fastened to the rack; and there is one who sees all my pain and smiles over it. But in the picture of my martyrdom it should be Gladys Rane who stands by the rack ready to apply the instrument!"

"Oh, hush, mamma! I cannot bear to hear you say such things; it breaks my heart. Do let me persuade you not to buy the picture. It will fill your mind with melancholy thoughts whenever you look at it."

"No," she said dreamily; "it will be to me a realization of my life and death. I must buy it, Angela; and it shall hang in my own room."

When the Captain first saw the painting, he examined it with unusual interest and curiosity.

"'A Woman's Martyrdom'!" he said, when he had finished his inspection. "What a gloomy, terrible picture, Laura!"

"That is how women were tortured in olden days," she remarked, in answer to his observation. "It is managed differently now."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"It is the heart that is racked and tortured now, not the body," she answered. "The best part of the woman is killed, the worst lives on—yet no one heeds or cares."

"If I were you I should send that thing away," he said, ignoring her words. "It gives me the horrors to look at it."

"I am not surprised to hear you say so; but I shall not remove my picture," declared her ladyship decisively.

For a few days after that the Captain did not seem so careless or so light-hearted.

"'A Woman's Martyrdom!'" he repeated to himself over and over again. It was not quite pleasant for him, reckless as he was, to know that his wife regarded herself as a martyr; but he tried to convince himself that her martyrdom existed only in her imagination, and reasoned that fair-haired, fair-faced woman seldom had much depth of feeling.

He could not attend to all the wants and whims of his wife, and he felt that she ought to be well content.

Still the matter weighed upon his mind so much that he spoke to Gladys about it.

"You see," he said, "I do not believe in sentiment—in fact, I hate it; but this makes me feel uncomfortable."

They were together on the new pier, the Captain having met Miss Rane quite by accident. They stood by the rail, nothing before them but the wide, open expanse of sea.

Gladys looked at him thoughtfully.

"There are so many forms of martyrdom," she observed quietly. "If it is a question of real suffering, I think my pain is greater than Lady Laura's. She has you; I am alone."

The thought of his wife's suffering had not occasioned Vance Wynyard a moment's regret; but at the thought of Gladys's pain his heart ached.

"Does your wife really love you," asked Gladys—"love you with all her heart?"

"I believe she does," he replied.

"I am sorry for her then," said Miss Rane. But with his words there crept into her heart a deeper jealousy of the fair-faced woman who had the only claim to his love.

One morning, when the band was playing and the pier was unusually crowded, Captain Wynyard escorted his wife and step-daughter to the pier-head.

Having found seats for them, he proceeded to move about among the crowd.

Whilst thus wandering aimlessly his attention was attracted by the conversation of two gentlemen standing near him, one of whom uttered his wife's name.

"Lady Laura Wynyard—the one with the golden hair. All the town is talking of her beauty."

"She was a widow, was she not, when the Captain married her?" asked his friend.

"Yes; she was a widow, with one daughter—that lovely young girl who is sitting near her. Lady Laura looks very delicate. I have heard very strange things about her."

"What have you heard?"

"Why, that the Captain—I do not know him—do you?—married her solely for her money, while he was deeply in love with Miss Rane."

"Do you believe it?"

"What I have heard of the Captain is not much in his favor, and I should say that he was quite capable of that, and worse. If anything were to happen to Lady Laura, rumor says he would not lose much time in making Miss Rane his wife."

"That is true," said the Captain to himself, with a grim smile. "None the less I should like to send the fellow over the pier head for saying so!"

"Nothing but the lives of those two delicate women stand between Captain Wynyard and that enormous fortune," one of the speakers remarked presently; and from that moment the world was never the same again to Captain Wynyard.

The sound of voices, the sweet music, the wash of the sea round the pier died away; he heard them no more.

But the words "Nothing but the lives of those two delicate women stand between Captain Wynyard and that enormous fortune" rang in his ears, to the exclusion of every other sound.

"What is in them?" he asked himself sharply. Nothing. He had always known

that fact. But it was not at all likely that two women, both young, would die to oblige him! Then the band played the gay "Sweethearts' Waltz," and, before it ended he was saying to himself that even if his wife died, he should be no nearer the fortune while Angela lived. But, if Angela died first, and his wife followed, the money must be his, and he could marry Gladys Rane. It was absurd however to think of such a thing ever happening. True, his wife was delicate; she did not look strong; but Angela might, and probably would, live fifty years. And, with these thoughts running through his mind, Captain Wynyard escorted the ladies home.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LADY LAURA WYNYARD was suffering from nervous headache. She had tried many remedies, but had found no relief.

Yielding to her mother's entreaties, Angela had joined a party of young people intent upon going to see the picturesque ruins of Bramber Castle and driving home by moonlight.

The Captain and his wife had also been invited; but the latter was not well enough to go out, and the gallant Captain found a greater attraction nearer home.

He had left the hotel soon after luncheon saying that he should be home in time for dinner.

Lady Laura had been alone during the afternoon and evening, and it was in consequence of her terrible weeping that the nervous headache came on.

Doris Newsham, one of the most faithful of maids, was in despair, for her mistress's headache would not yield to any of her usual remedies.

"I know what would do you good, my lady," she said; "but perhaps you would not like to try it."

"I would do anything to get rid of this trying pain," returned her ladyship. "What is it, Newsham?"

"Why, my lady, if you would go and stand at the pier-head, and let the sea-breeze blow round you, I am sure it would do you good."

"The remedy is simple enough; I will try it, Newsham," said her ladyship.

"Shall I go with you, my lady?" asked the maid.

"No; I prefer to be alone. Give me a cloak and veil; I do not care to be recognized, for I could not talk to any one. No one will distinguish me will they, Newsham?"

The maid looked at the tall graceful figure and thought to herself that nothing could disguise her mistress.

"I think not, my lady," she replied.

Lady Laura walked to the head of the pier.

The sea was rough; the waves seemed to tumble over each other in their haste; the breeze was full of refreshing briny odor.

Gradually it cooled the burning temples, it eased the weary, heavy eyes. It was like a breath of relief.

The evening shadows were falling thick and fast over land and sea as Lady Laura stood looking at the white cliffs beyond which lay Rottingdean and Newhaven, the lights that shone on the vessels out at sea. In the presence of the grandeur of Nature's work, she forgot herself and her troubles.

Suddenly she became aware of two figures sitting not far away from her on one of the side-seats looking towards the sea—a man and a woman—and the man was leaning with an air of loving tenderness towards his companion.

In a moment she recognised the outline of her husband's broad shoulders. She could not see his face; but she was none the less sure that it was he, and that the woman who was with him was Gladys Rane.

Drawing her veil more closely round her face, Lady Laura stood still and watched them.

They were talking earnestly, but she could not distinguish what they said. Once she saw her husband clasp Gladys's hand; but the hand was quickly withdrawn. She watched them like one spell-bound.

This was her husband; this man who had stolen out in the shadows of evening to meet another woman—her own husband; and, though he cared so little for her, she loved him with all the devotion of a true and loyal wife.

Should she go to him and demand an explanation of his conduct? No; for he might say that she had followed him; he might humiliate her before her rival; he might say that he had met Miss Rane accidentally, and that they were enjoying the beauty of the soft gray evening together.

The shadows deepened, and still she stood watching the two who were so unconscious of her presence.

After a time, they arose, and the silent watcher saw the Captain draw Gladys' cloak more closely around her.

Then they began to walk slowly up and down.

They were so engrossed in each other that neither of them noticed the black-robed figure as they passed and repassed. Lady Laura could just distinguish a few words of the conversation.

She overheard the captain say—

"No; not yet; do not go in yet Gladys. Nothing can be more beautiful than this."

The next time he passed her he was saying, "I have longed to tell you all this, but have had——"

And the sea-breeze, which was to cure her headache, carried away the rest of the words.

When they passed again, it was Gladys who was speaking; she was talking earnestly and in a low tone of voice.

The only words that the unhappy wife heard were these—"Stronger than fate."

She wondered, in a dull, vague fashion, what was stronger than fate.

Was it love, or hate, or circumstances?

Still the untiring footsteps went up and down; still the faint murmur of voices reached her.

Then the soft gray shadows of evening were dispelled, and the light flashed crimson from the pier-head, and the colored lamps along the pier gave forth a sudden glow.

On turning round, Lady Laura found that her husband and Gladys Rane were gone.

"She will go home to Lady Kinloch, and talk about the beauty of the evening, the soft falling shadows, and the dreamy sea; but she will not mention my husband's name. My husband will come home to me gay and animated because he has seen her; but he will not allude to her in any way."

She sat down on one of the seats at the end of the pier, her brain on fire, her heart beating wildly.

She longed with an inexpressible longing that the calm of death would come to her rescue.

Life held nothing for her but utter misery unrelieved by a gleam of happiness.

Even should her husband repent of his unkindness and love her with his whole heart, it would never blot out from her memory this terrible ordeal.

If death would but come to her and release her from the pain and the fever of life!

She never knew how long she remained musing thus; but she was at last roused from her thoughts by the playing of the band on the pier, by a crowd of people surging to and fro and the sound of laughter and conversation.

Rising from her seat, she made her way through the crowd, and returned to the hotel.

She went softly up the great staircase, and met Newsham at the door of her room. The maid uttered an exclamation at the sight of her mistress's colorless face.

"Why, my lady," she exclaimed, "you look worse!"

"I am worse, Newsham," returned her ladyship; "I will not go down again to-night. Has Miss Rooden returned?"

"No," replied the maid. "Miss Rooden said she should not be back before ten. But, my lady, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," was the languid reply.

Before she had opened the door of her room, Lady Laura heard light rapid footsteps, and the Captain, looking the beau-ideal of manly beauty in his evening-dress, stood before her.

"Not coming down to dinner, Laura?" he cried. "How is that?"

"I am tired," she answered coldly.

"Tired! You puzzle me. The quieter you are and the less you go out, the more you complain of fatigue. What has tired you?"

She did not answer him at once, but looked at Doris Newsham, who stood awaiting her orders.

"When Miss Rooden returns, will you tell her that I want her in my room?"

"Yes, my lady."

"You can go now, Newsham; I shall not want you again."

The maid disappeared, and then Lady Laura, turning to her husband, said—

"You ask me why I am tired; I will tell you. I had a bad headache, and I went for a walk to the end of the new pier. You will understand."

And the expression of the Captain's face was a study as the full meaning of her words dawned upon him.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT midnight most of the lights in the Grand Hotel were out, and silence had fallen over the vast building.

Outside, the moon was shining brightly, the tide was in, and the steady wash of the waves sounded continuously.

The lights of the pier shone in the distance; the moonlight rested on sea and cliffs, silvering the roofs of the houses, whitening the streets, brightening the green shrubs and the grass.

But the moon's rays fell on one spot where they brought no brightness, no beauty, no hope.

Lady Laura Wynyard would not have a lamp, but had opened her window, and despite the chill of the night-air, sat watching the moonbeams lighting up the outside world.

She had ceased weeping now, and it seemed to her as though she should never be able to shed another tear.

Her heart was cold and hard; her whole soul had risen against her unhappy fate.

"Better to be anything on earth than an unloved wife!" she said to herself. "Better any fate than mine!"

Angela had found her sitting at the window, with pale face and woeful eyes.

"Tell me all about your drive, Angel," she said. "I should like to go to Bramber Castle."

"Mamma," cried the girl, "you must go. It is simply one of the most picturesque ruins in the world; and the drive home by moonlight was charming. I wish you had been there."

Presently she noticed the deathly pallor of her mother's face.

She started with a cry of pained surprise.

"Mamma," she said, "you are ill! How I wish I had not left you! I did wrong; but you urged me to go. I shall never leave you again. Tell me what has happened. I can read every line of your dear face, and I—you are ill."

"I have a bad headache, and I went out on to the pier to see if the fresh air would relieve it."

"And did it, mamma?" Asked Angela.

"No, my dear; I am afraid it made me worse."

"You are not happy to-night," said Angela, to whom every tone of her mother's voice bore its own meaning.

Lady Laura rose from her chair.

The black cloak she had worn on the pier still covered the graceful figure; the light of the moon just touched her golden hair, and gave a weird supernatural beauty to her pale sweet face.

"Angela she said after a pause, "I am afraid the time is come when I can no longer bear the grief that oppresses me. If I could die by wishing for death, I would willingly die now, for the misery of my life is greater than I can bear.

She walked up and down in the darkness of her room, wringing her hands and giving vent to a low wailing cry that went to Angela's heart.

"I can bear it no longer!" cried Lady Laura. "Oh, Angel, if I could but undo this unhappy marriage—if I could but undo what I have done! Oh, my darling, when you saw me bent on so mad a proceeding why did you not prevent me?"

No reproach crossed Angela's lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT SPIDERS.—There is a certain spider which lives under water and has her house there. This is a silken cocoon, about as large as an acorn, and very much of the same shape.

The mouth of this cell is always downwards, and is left open. As the spider proceeds with her work, she brings air in bubbles that cling to her feet, and discharges it into the cocoon, so that before long she has made a house under the water exactly on the principle of the diving-bell.

She then enters the cell, and fixes about a hundred eggs upon the under surface of the roof, covering them with a layer of web, so as to make a separate cell within the house.

Here the young spiders are hatched, and as is usual with the whole tribe of spiders, the mother waits upon her young, and takes care of them, until they can go in the water and shift for themselves.

Another species has habits yet more singular. This spider lives under water, but it cannot breathe, as fishes do; so, in order that it may pass its life in a dry and comfortable manner, it makes use of the old shells of water snails.

Entering the shell, the spider closes the opening with a web or curtain of silk, varnished in some way, which prevents the water from running in; she then fills her house with air.

The shell is sometimes found lying at the bottom of the pond, but, made light by the air within it, often rises and floats on the surface, and the wily spider is in this manner carried within reach of her prey, who feel no alarm at the approach of what seems to be a snail.

The second division of the race of spiders comprehends the vagabond or wandering spiders, as they are called.

These spiders spin no web, but lie in wait for their prey, which they overtake by running, or by leaping upon it suddenly. They are divided into two sections.

The runners, and the leapers. The runners, called also wolf spiders, are found on the tops of trees, or bushes, where they build a bell-shaped nest in which the females lay their eggs; this nest or cocoon they always carry with them when they go to hunt, generally attaching it to their breast.

Upon one occasion a scientist saw a spider tumble into the pitfall of an ant-lion, which at once seized upon her bag of eggs, and attempted to drag it into the sand.

During the struggle the silken cord whereby the cocoon was attached to the spider broke, a tremendous fight took place, during which the spider, together with her treasure, was buried beneath the sand, from whence, however, she came out, but with the loss of her bag of eggs.

Nothing would induce or compel her to leave the place, where she had lost everything that she held dear.

The leaping spiders may often be seen upon walls, or in other places exposed to the sun.

They walk as it were by fits and starts, and after taking a few steps stop suddenly, and rear themselves on their fore-legs.

Should they see a fly or gnat they approach it cautiously, until they get so near that they can clear the distance at a single leap, and then spring like tigers on their prey.

They will sometimes make these leap even from the side of a high wall, for being always attached by a silken cord, they easily scramble up again.

Many of them build their nests under stones, or between the leaves of trees.

Their nests are of an oval form, and opens at both ends; in these they rest, change their skin, or take shelter from the weather, but if alarmed, they rush out at once and scamper off in haste.

In this group is the gossamer spider, which possesses the remarkable beauty of shooting out threads in diverging lines into the air, which, being lighter than the air, form a sort of balloon, on which the little aeronaut mounts above this lower world, and rides at will among the clouds.

One use of spiders in the world is to assist in destroying and removing some of the millions of insects which otherwise would so increase and multiply as to cause a plague, like the fourth plague which Moses brought over the land of Egypt, but would differ from it in being permanent instead of temporary.

Scientific and Useful.

PLIABILITY.—Paper and leather may be rendered very pliable by soaking in a solution of one part acetate of sodium or potassium in four to ten parts of water, and drying.

RUBBER BANDS.—The rubber bands on cans and jars for preserves and potted meats frequently become stiff and apparently useless, it is therefore well to remark that by laying them in a mixture of ammonia and water over night their pliability and usefulness may be in a great measure, if not entirely, restored. This hint may save annoyance and expense.

BALLOON SIGNALING.—This is a new system of balloon signaling: An ordinary balloon of very translucent material is employed. In the inside of the balloon electric-glow lamps are arranged. The balloon is a captive one, and the rope which attaches it to the earth is utilized for the support of wires to convey the electricity to the lamps. When the balloon is sent up at night the lamps are caused to illuminate the balloon at intervals of longer or shorter duration so as to present signals to the distant observer, in accordance with the Morse alphabet.

PAPER.—At a recent exhibition there was a complete dwelling-house made entirely of paper and furnished with the same material. There were paper walls, roofs, ceilings, floorings, joists and stairways. There were paper carpets, bedding, chairs, sofas and lamps. There were paper frying-pans, and even the stoves, in which bright fires were constantly burning daily, were of papier-mache. When the builder of this mansion gave a banquet the table-cloths, napkins, plates, cups, saucers, tumblers, cruets, and even the knives and forks, were likewise made of paper.

NOT ABLE TO SWIM.—A new life-preserving dress has been invented consisting of cotton, silk, or woolen fabrics interwoven with cork cut into the thinnest shreds imaginable. The material was recently submitted to a severe test. Three persons who could not swim were dressed in clothing made of it: one as a naval officer, the second in boating costume, and the third in ordinary lady's attire. The three were then unceremoniously thrown into the sea from the end of a pier, with the result that they floated without difficulty and without any kind of exertion on their part. We may mention that machinery has been contrived that will cut the cork into shreds as thin as paper or linen.

Farm and Garden.

FOWLS.—Fowls that are killed directly from a free range, where they have been bountifully fed for some time previously, but have taken plenty of exercise, and in perfect health, are to be preferred for the table to those that have been kept in a close coop.

FRUIT.—If the fruit is carefully assorted, and all knotty, wormy and imperfect specimens thrown out, the remainder will bring enough higher price to pay for the diminution in bulk. Neatness and a tasty putting up of the fruit, so as to attract the attention of buyers, pays well for all the extra labor and trouble in marketing it in this better condition.

WHITEWASH.—Ordinary whitewash as frequently used, has very little effect except to disfigure the trees. To destroy the insects and eggs hidden in the crevices of the trees very much stronger applications have to be used. Soft-soap reduced to the consistence of a thick paint, with the addition of a strong solution of washing soda, makes one of the most effective and most lasting washes. A solution of one pound of commercial potash, in from 2 to 4 gallons of water, is also very good.

NOW!—Do not postpone till Spring anything you can as well and conveniently do now. Remove dead wood from trees. Cut down whatever trees you wish to, and dig up and remove whatever old shrubbery you wish to displace. If the trees or shrubs are evergreen, save the branches to help cover up or otherwise protect in winter whatever somewhat tender bushes or herbaceous plants you may have in your garden; even thick, bushy branches of deciduous trees and shrubs are also useful for the same purpose.

PRESERVATION.—Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic and water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coat of gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit or the withering of the flowers. Roses thus preserved have all the beauty of fresh plucked ones, though they have been plucked several months. It is reliable, and something all may try.

GERANIUMS.—Geraniums may be placed in paper bags and kept hung up in the cellar. For this purpose, select the latest day before a killing frost. Good, tough manilla bags are best, though we have used common newspapers. Dig up the plants with a little soil adhering to the roots, put them in the bags, hang them to the rafters of any place where frost will not penetrate, and which is not artificially heated. While they will live in a higher temperature, they make a sickly growth during winter, which weakens the plants. Fuchsias may also be kept the same way. The older the stems are the better.

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In Growing Old.

If you are anywhere under thirty five, gentle reader, you may pass on to some subject more attractive. You do not expect to grow old until well on in the next century. What do you now care about the process? But stay! Even now, even by those who are laughing in joy, and dreaming in hope in their 'teens, something may be done toward growing old gracefully that cannot be done afterwards.

It may be as well for you, therefore, who are anywhere under thirty-five, to give a little attention to the modest views of this friendly article.

You think, perhaps, that it is easy enough to go down the hill of life with dignity. You recall your friends who supply the fading colors of the hair by gentle art, or supplement its deficiencies from outside resources; who give increased attention to dress and address; who are so juvenile in studied ways, that they sometimes provoke a smile and an aside, "What age do you suppose she is?"—"Well, she's sixty, if she's anything." "How old do you take him to be?"—"He never told me; but I know he was at school with my father. Well preserved, isn't he?" We have no quarrel with these good friends. Why should we?

What are dentists, hair-dressers, milliners, tailors and shoemakers for but to supplement nature or supply her deficiencies?

We are not born in dress-coats; and if we had been, they soon would have been outgrown. Gloves and the like are necessary, and we get them, of course, to fit our hands and match our costumes. We have naught to say against your friends, so long as they keep within reasonable limits, and remember that "the perfection of art is to hide the art." But we want something more than your friends can show.

Years ago, in this city, there lived, and died at the age of nearly eighty, a lady, much of whose life had been passed here. At a "party" she was usually the centre of a knot of young people. The elder ones envied them. To men and women she was interesting and agreeable. What was the charm about her? Two things one could see.

She had full sympathy with others, could put herself in their place, and comprehend what interested them, and secondly, she had much information from keeping her eyes and ears open, from the reading of books, and of "the papers" up to date.

The same lady's brother, as great a favorite as she was, looks as if he might naturally enough complete his century. He never speaks a word of the good old times when he was young, never alludes to the degeneracy of the age and the race, never deplores the mournful changes that have taken place, and never shows the least want of sympathy with the times. He has grown old gracefully.

Men often fail in this regard. There were men of genius in their time, but they are all gone now. They used to have courage, piety, and wisdom. Alas! alas! they have departed—

"Fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

Thus they criticize, find fault, complain, belittle, and scatter the seeds of general discontent, so that their departure awakens little real sorrow. One feels relief on their account. They have escaped from a degenerate age!

We know many persons who sincerely believe that there are no great men now. Had you seen or heard Mr. Smith, or Doctor Brown, or the Reverend Doctor as they did when they were young, you would have known what talent, genius, ability mean.

Alas! there's a melancholy change! But where? In themselves. These exalted heroes were then very high above them, and impressed them accordingly. They have themselves risen somewhat. Distance no longer lends such enchantment to the view. They are less impressible now than they were then. Smith and Jones, and Brown, and the rest, are making just the like impressions on young people, and will be lamented heroes, in the same fashion, in forty or fifty years.

But what can we do now to help us to grow old gracefully? First of all, get information, or, better still, cultivate the habit of getting it "all the time." This will keep the world fresh and new to you. Exercise your memory. Cannot you remember when you played base-ball, shot marbles in summer, spun tops, flew kites? Well, there are many millions of the race just in that stage now.

There are improvements in the games; but the players are just the same. Maintain a "sweet reasonableness." Allow for the changes of yourself. Make this your habit. You used to get "jam" on your bread. It is "preserve" now, and just as good as the "jam"—better, possibly—though it does not affect you as much. You have changed a little.

Let that habit of mind grow and go with you, and, although you may not talk much about it in general company, get the good hope, on good, adequate grounds, of something still better before you, and you will not make abortive efforts to look young when you are old, nor fret over the inevitable traces of the years, nor murmur, nor grumble, nor carry around an atmosphere of discontent. You will, when age comes, accept the situation, and "grow old" without growing miserable.

PLAY, whether in child or man, is doing what we love to do, whatever that may be. Fatigue, long continued, may make rest and sleep the only pleasant thing for a time; but these wants once satisfied, every healthy person craves employment, and that to which the nature springs with instinctive pleasure is its play, and should receive due respect as such. It is true that work is the best prelude to play, that duty well performed prepares the whole nature for enjoyment. The toil and drill which the boy goes through in learning to read gradually pass away, and the book that was once the symbol of work becomes the symbol of play. The artist works slowly and laboriously at first; but at last his heart springs with joy to his canvas or his marble, and the fingers that were once so stiff and awkward with brush or chisel, now move with nimble grace, skill and pleasure to delight the eyes of the world. The very expression "a labored affair," in relation to art of any kind, implies a certain lack of excellence for which no painstaking can atone. Hard, toilsome work, while it is necessary and honorable, should always be regarded as work in its first stages. It is our own fault if it continues so to the end.

A BAD temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, making life a burden. Its influence is deadly, and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been truly said, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument, otherwise perfect; so if all the members of a church, neighborhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

WHEN once the desire of making money outside and in excess of the need of spending it takes possession of a man, and becomes his ideal of happiness, he has abandoned all chance of the reality. He will never have enough—never! The desire of wealth is like that of fame, of place. Get to the top of this near peak, which seems to you to be the ultimate of your ambition, and which, when won, will land you on the pinnacle of your hope, and you will find that others, still higher and farther, will reveal themselves before you as points to be gained. If you do not gain them, then has all your previous success been in vain, and you are relatively no better off than when you began.

THE training of the conscience, or moral sense, is the most important of all the duties devolved upon the teachers of youth. The mere disposition to follow right and avoid wrong, however sincere and earnest it may be, is not all that is required. The reason must be brought to bear upon and direct this disposition—in other words, the conscience must be taught to discriminate intelligently. It would be no exercise of this sentiment to bid the pupil abstain from vicious acts because they are practiced only by the mean and despicable, and are sure to bring down odium on the perpetrators. That would be an appeal to the pride—not to the moral sense. The argument must be addressed directly to the conscience itself.

IT is not upon wealth or material resources, not upon bodily health, or freedom, or knowledge, much less upon any narrower and less comprehensive object of desire, that we must fix our minds as being the corner stone of prosperity. Valuable as they are, they are but instruments; and the hand that is to wield them is character. We must have no smaller end in view than human excellence. Then the various advantages that we now crave for themselves we shall prize for their power to contribute to this great end; and, while our efforts to acquire them may not be lessened, our power to use them in the interests of a higher purpose will be greatly enhanced.

KEEP up your spirits by good thoughts; enjoy the pleasant company of your best friends; but in all enjoyments be temperate. Learn the art, to be preferred before all others, of being happy when alone—which consists in the encouragement of good hopes and rational pursuits, in leading an industrious life, and in having constantly before you some object of attainment. In your converse with the world, be ever careful, for the sake of peace, to speak of no one, to treat your known enemy with civility, and to shut your ears against evil reports of all kinds.

EVERY practical man knows that self-denial of a certain kind must be constantly practiced in life. The small object must be foregone for the sake of the greater, the immediate pleasure for the sake of the remote—nay, the personal pleasure for the sake of the pleasure which is generous and sympathetic. But the timid superstition which sets up self-denial divorced from all rational ends as a thing good and rich in itself, which makes us afraid of enjoyment as such—this is absurd.

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great force which pleasantry has upon all those with whom a man of that talent converses. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintances, and a certain carelessness that constantly attends all his actions carries him on with greater success than diligence and assiduity do others who have no share in this extraordinary endowment.

MAN is not the creature but the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power; from the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; bricks and mortar are bricks and mortar until the architect can make something else.

The World's Happenings.

A "Suicide Club" is the latest oddity in sinful London.

A Russian town in Siberia has been named New York.

In Berlin every carcass sold to be eaten is microscopically tested.

Pink is now the legal color of oleomargarine in New Hampshire.

The juice of a tree in Java is used by the natives for blacking boots.

Beefsteak pudding, with larks, is a favorite dish at the London clubs.

A parrot that sings, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," is a California curiosity.

In Melbourne, Australia, the letter-carriers are clad in scarlet coats, waistcoats and trousers.

The streets of Salisbury, N.C., are being macadamized with gold quartz worth fifteen dollars a ton.

Mules are said to be far more popular than horses for elegant equipages in Rio de Janeiro.

The liquor and beer saloons of London, if placed in a row, would extend a distance of 78 miles.

Poultices of tar applied to the soles of the feet are commended in Georgia as a cure for rheumatism.

Chicago has twenty-six milk-dealers awaiting trial on the charge of adulterating the lacteal fluid.

Bellini's "Norma" is being whistled through in Milan by a company that numbers sixteen whistlers.

A putty-knife was the tool with which five prisoners dug their way out of the Wellsboro, Pa., jail, recently.

An Altoona genius has invented a machine with which he can cut 100 heads of cabbage for saner-kraut in one minute.

Messrs. Bird Snow, Ice Snow, Hail Snow, Frost Snow, Deep Snow, and More Snow, are residents of Surry county, N. C.

The coming Easter will fall on the 25th of April. This has not occurred before since 1765, and will not happen again until 1943.

A boy who bought a quart of New Orleans molasses at a Cincinnati grocery, the other day, found a $500 diamond ring in the staff.

The cost of cremation at the new furnace in New York is expected to be $35 at first, but the fees will ultimately be reduced to $10, it is stated.

A clock that will run for four hundred days (if it should not get out of order) on a single winding, is in the store of a New York jeweler.

In Chicago the proprietors of the hansom cabs have issued mileage books, furnishing $5 worth of coupons for $4.65, to protect the user from overcharges.

A California genius has invented a machine for producing artificial honeycomb. Wax is run between the rollers, and comes out as the basis for honeycomb.

It is more dangerous to walk through the streets of London than to cross the Atlantic. Last year 120 persons were killed, and 2,681 injured by vehicles in the streets.

Tyrone, Pa., possesses a man who says he will soon invent a light whose brilliancy cannot be excelled, and which he can furnish 20 per cent. cheaper than daylight.

At Fairview, W. Va., recently, thirty-five head of average sheep were sold at fifty cents apiece. Five years ago the same grade of animal readily commanded $3 to $4 a head.

A horse that fell overboard in New York harbor, the other night, swam for seven hours, and when rescued at dawn munched his oats as contentedly as if nothing out of the usual course of events had happened.

A confectioner in Indianapolis gives customers the privilege of eating all the candy they can get away with at one time in his store for twenty-five cents each, and declares that he makes money on nine out of ten of them.

Rev. W. J. Hunter, of Sun River, says a Montana journal, finds it necessary to hold an auction and sell everything he has, in order to keep the dishonest residents of that burg from stealing him out of house and home.

By merely touching his wetted finger to the back of a Zulu on exhibition at a cheap show, and having his eye jabbed out with the curiosity's assegai, a London butcher convinced himself that the savage was a genuine article.

Only sixteen days elapsed from the laying of the corner-stone to the dedication of a church in Terre Haute, Ind., and the building is described as "a very beautiful little structure, finished in native woods, with sapphire and ruby glass."

A Bangor citizen has been awarded $621 damages by the town, because he lost a pair of horses last winter by the ice breaking while he was crossing the river. The plaintiff held that the river was a public highway, and the Judge so charged the jury.

The wail is going up in society for early hours of entertainment, and it is strongly suggested that fashion should make eight instead of eleven o'clock the opening hour of a ball, and should decree that midnight instead of four in the morning be the proper closing time.

A burglar entered an East Somerville, Mass., dwelling, a few nights ago, and after quietly taking possession of a sleeper's pantaloons (containing $25) and vest, filled himself with cold victuals from the pantry, and then departed, carrying off with the other booty a leg of mutton.

A new amusement, first introduced in Biddeford, Me., is the vaccination bee. The unsuspecting company, having been invited to an ordinary soiree, with "V. B. at 9," is at that hour confronted by the doctor, with a due array of points, and every one is vaccinated at the entertainer's expense.

THE WIFE'S REVERIE.

O heart of mine, is our estate—
  Our sweet estate of joy—assured!
It came so slow, it came so late,
  Brought by such bitter pains endured;
Dare we forget those sorrows sore
And think that they will come no more?

With tearful eyes I scan my face,
  And doubt how he can find it fair:
Wistful, I watch each charm and grace
  I see that other women wear;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one—to love him more!

I see each day he grows more wise,
  His life is broader far than mine;
I must be lacking in his eye
  In many things where others shine.
O heart! can we this loss restore
To him by simply loving more?

I often see upon his brow
  A look half tender and half stern;
His thoughts are far away, I know;
  To fathom them I vainly yearn;
But naught is ours that went before;
O heart! we can but love him more!

I sometimes think that he had loved
  An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later, feebler moved
  His soul to mine. O heart! O heart!
What can we do? This harteth sore,
Nothing, my heart, but love him more!

"A Marriage Bell."

BY HENRY FRITH.

"NO need for tears to-day," said Nina Karford, gaily to her companions, on a sunshiny June morning, as they stood admiring her in her bridal array. "I am going such a short way off that it hardly seems like leaving home at all. I have determined that my wedding-day shall be one of the happiest of my life. It could hardly fail to be happy with such good omens as these."

"Yes; 'happy is the bride that the sun shines on,'" said her companions; and so the time passed, till very soon the bright-faced girl found herself walking up the church aisle on her father's arm, the admired of all beholders.

* * * * * *

The wedding banquet was nearly ended, when suddenly a hurried ring was heard, and, a few moments afterwards a servant entered, bearing upon a silver salver one of those yellow missives with which we are all so familiar.

"A telegram for you, sir," said he, advancing to the handsome bridegroom.

Nina looked up rather curious.

Rex, her husband, had an eccentric old uncle who conducted his correspondence by means of the telegraph wires.

Probably this was merely a message of congratulation from the old gentleman.

Rex evidently shared her thoughts.

"For me?" he said gaily, taking it from the man, "Uncle Grey again of course! I wonder what message of urgent importance it is now? Last time it was to tell me that his new under gardener was a very deceitful young man!"

Under cover of the general laugh, Rex opened the telegram.

What was written therein?

Only a few words, yet enough to drive the blood from the young bridegroom's face—enough to fill his eyes with a stony look of horror—enough to chill his frame, to weaken his strength—in a second of time to crush all the manhood and spirit out of him.

Spell-bound, this husband of a few hours gazed upon the fatal words till the sweet voice of his bride roused him from his reverie.

"What is it Rex? May I not share your trouble?"

Then he looked up—looked up, and met the alarmed gaze of numerous eyes.

"Bad news, old fellow?" said one of his friends. "Is it anything in which I can help you?"

"No, thank you," said Rex, at last, trying to speak unconcernedly, though all could see how pitiful and vain the effort was. "Not bad news exactly: only an urgent business summons. Excuse me for leaving you. Nina, can I speak to you a moment alone?"

Pale and affrighted, the young bride followed her husband out of the room.

"Rex—Rex," she cried, when they were fairly alone, "what is it? What is in that telegram? Will you not let me see it?"

But at her words he crushed it in his hand, and hid it away in the breast pocket of his coat.

"It would not interest you, Nina," he said, with a poor attempt at a laugh; "only business, you know—business matters, and——"

Then restraint suddenly breaking down, he seized her in his arms and held her to him with almost painful force.

"Nina, my love, my darling," he said, passionately, "would that I had never crossed your path! Give me one kiss, my poor little love, and say you forgive me the wrong I have done you!"

Trembling violently, Nina essayed to free herself from his powerful grasp.

A dreadful suspicion that some sudden shock had turned his brain crossed her mind.

"Rex dear," she faltered, "I don't understand. What harm could you ever have done me, my own dear husband?"

"What harm? Oh, child, child, you will understand only too soon! But, Nina, I swear that the harm was unintentional! Look up, my darling, and say you believe me before we part!"

"Part!" echoed Nina, his last word startling her so that she took no heed of the others. "Rex, you are not going to leave me now?"

"I must!"

"But for how long—oh, Rex, for how long?"

"For how long!" he said, wildly. "Oh, for eternity! No, no, don't be frightened my own!"—drawing the trembling girl into his arms again. "I am perfectly sane. For how long did you say, Nina? Oh, for a few hours only, I hope! But we must say good-bye now, as I have to start at once."

"No, no, Rex!" cried Nina more firmly. "You must not leave me like this, without even telling me your reason! Have I not a right to know it? Am I not your wife?"

"My wife?" He seemed to tremble at the word. "Why yes, Nina. I had forgotten for the moment. But wives do not always share all their husband's secrets, you know,"—trying to speak in his old manner.

"Rex, I will not be put off like this! At least I have a right to know why I am deserted on our wedding day?"

"Deserted? Nina, Nina, why do you use that word?"

"What else is it then? You leave me, and refuse to tell me why! And soon all the world will know of Nina Karford's desertion by her bridegroom. Better, far better, as you say, that you had never crossed my path than that I should have to bear this disgrace and——"

But here, the proud, trembling young voice failed utterance, and Nina, sinking on to a couch, hid her face in her hands, sobbing violently.

Rex flung himself on his knees beside her.

"Nina, my love—my own! I cannot leave you like this! Perhaps I shall return in an hour or so; perhaps—— Oh! what can I tell you? How can I comfort you? Nina, soon I hope to return, and——"

"You know you will not!" cried Nina, passionately, and lifting her tear-stained face. "Whatever the cause is, whether it's money or anything else, you know that you're going for a long time, if not for ever! Go, then!"—pointing to the door—"go, and leave me to tell my own tale to all these people!—go, and leave me to worse than widowhood!—go, and my one prayer through life will be that I may never see your face again!"

"And this from you Nina?" His voice was so low and heart-broken, Nina scarcely recognized it. My punishment is hard, indeed! But at least you shall not have to face all those people yourself! I will go and tell them what I can. Your father will take charge of you while I am away, if I should not be able to return to-night, and I will send word what arrangements I will make for your comfort. Good-bye my own, my only love! What! not one word or look? Nay, then I cannot—I will not part from thee like this! And before she could repulse him in any way, he had wound his arms about her, and pressed hot, numberless kisses on lips, eyes and hair. Then he loosened her, turned without a word, and passed hurriedly from the room.

Merry as a marriage bell?

How the mocking, mocking peal rang in the young bride's heart as she toiled wearily up the stairs to her own room!

Merry as a marriage bell!

How its sound seemed to clang and dance around her as her eye fell on the costly travelling-gown in which she had been intending to journey to France.

Merry as a marriage bell!

And the same sunlight that fell this morning upon a glad young face, and a restless, excited, small figure, fell upon a trembling writhing form—upon a bright head, whose grief-stricken face was hidden among pillows—upon streaming eyes and throbbing brow—upon desolation and despair in the place of joy and happiness.

So ended Nina Karford's happy-omened wedding-day.

* * * * * *

A dead-alive little hole was the Cornish fishing village in which our next scene opens—that is to say, except for six weeks or so out of every year, when sketching parties, walking-tours, and so on, threw chance-visitors in its way.

Then the four or five pleasure boats that the place boasted of were displayed on the beach, while the owners thereof stood proudly on the alert, and hailed every passer-by with a touch of the cap and the inviting words, "Have a boat, sir?" or ma'am," as the case might be. "Beautiful morning for a row."

It is with one of these worthies that we at present have to do.

He was a tall, sparely built man, with keen grey eyes, and deep furrows round his mouth that told of heavy troubles, borne at some time or other during his life.

That he belonged to a different class of society from that of the boatmen round about could be seen at a glance, and there was something about the whole aspect and bearing of the man that greatly attracted my notice.

"Rum fish, that one!" said a youth, to whom a inquisitive visitor had been talking for some time anent the fisheries of the place, and who had noticed the aforesaid individual's frequent glances in the particular direction of the good-looking boatman. "Calls himself the same as us, and wears a diamond ring, and he throws his money about as if 'twas so much rubbish, and doesn't seem to care whether he's killed or not! A chap told me t'other day that he's a gentleman. So he may be, but if I was a gentleman I'm blowed if I wouldn't live like one, and not come taking the food out of poor people's mouths like this one here. What do you say, sir? Liked? Oh, yes, he's liked well enough. He don't pretend to be better than the rest of us, and he stands drinks all round, and is always ready to do any rough work. But he ain't cheerful of evenings, and don't ever want to talk to a chap; and what I can't understand, sir, is why he's so precious careless of his life. Why, only last month, in one of them heavy gales, a small brig went aground on these rocks, and the way John Butler worked to save the crew was simply wonderful! He did the work of ten men with his own two arms, and went back'ards and for'ards from the boat to the shore till you'd 'a thought he'd have dropped! It's always the way. Whenever there's any danger there's sure to be John Butler in the thick of it all! But he don't seem happy in his mind. You go and talk to him, sir, and see if what I say ain't true! Good-morning to you, sir, and thank you kindly.

Just at that moment two showily-dressed females, of the style 'yclept "loud," approached.

Some kind of controversy was going on between them.

The noisier, more showily-dressed of the two females was loudly declaring her intention of going for a sail, while the other was doing her best to dissuade her.

John Butler stood quietly by them, near his boat.

One of the women, turning from the other with an impatient shrug, said to him, "I have made up my mind for a sail, and have one I will! You are not afraid, I suppose?" with a loud vulgar laugh.

"I am not afraid, madam," said he, quietly and gravely. "But as I told you just now, the sky looks threatening, and——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted the woman. "You are as chicken-hearted as my friend here. I intend to go."

Without another word, John Butler helped her into the boat and sprang in after her.

* * * * * *

"So this is how we meet again, Rex!"

John Butler, who had been giving his undivided attention to the management of his little boat, started violently as the harsh voice and mocking laugh fell upon his ear. Then turning a blanched face and glittering eyes to the woman who sat opposite him, he said, in a loud voice of concentrated hatred, "Is it you—you of all——"

"Finish your sentence, Rex! I'm no more thin-skinned than I used to be, I can assure you! Fancy your not knowing me! I should have known you anywhere, although it ten years since we spent our few weeks of conjugal happiness together!"

"Be silent!" said the other, sternly, and still under his breath. "Since some evil chance has thrown you in my way, at least have the wisdom to keep silence!"

"Why I?"—his companion laughed scornfully again. "I am not afraid of you, Rex, though you don't give me a cordial welcome, I must say. How you have altered since that day under the chestnuts at Burnley, when you first told me, nearly eleven years ago now; and what a handsome boy you were! How old were we? You were not eighteen, Rex, and I—oh, I—I told you I was two-and-twenty, and you, like a young fool, believed me! You believed anything I told you in those days. Afterwards, when I was your wife——"

"Stop!" His voice was loud enough now. "No wife of mine!"

"Not your wife? My dear boy, you forget. There is a register in a certain little church that could tell a different tale. Oh, the marriage was legal enough, Rex! I took care of that, as you were under the age, you know! Ha, ha! No use kicking against the traces. I am your wife, and shall be till death do us part!"

Rex shuddered, and then said, wearily, "Alicia, in Heaven's name! what harm did I ever do you that you should have wrecked my life like this? For you never cared for me, and why, then, should you have entrapped my wretched boyhood into a marriage with you?"

"Entrapped? What a word, Rex! And how do you know that I never cared for you? Sometimes I think that if I ever could have cared for anyone it was for you. Besides, you were such a nice boy, and so pretty, and, above all, you were coming into twenty thousand a-year. Think what that twenty thousand a year meant to a woman who half the time had not a decent gown to her back?"

"Reasons enough, I suppose. But why did you cease to accept your share of my income two years ago, and why did you cause it to be said that you were dead?"

"Ah! why, indeed? Perhaps to see how you'd take it; perhaps for a little amusement on my own part, or to see how soon you'd try to marry again. Long before I sent that telegram, to tell you the joyful news I was still alive, I had heard of your goings on with that little white-faced——"

"Stop! Her name, at least, shall not be brought in."

"Too good for me to speak of, is she?" sneered the other; "too good to be mentioned by my lips? Bah! You seem to forget, my boy, that I am your lawful wedded wife, while she——"

"Woman, take care! Do you forget that you are alone with me?—that I can at any moment——"

"Drown me?"—she laughed, recklessly. "No, I don't forget it, Rex; but, as I told you just now, I am not afraid of you. You were always a good boy, you know; and I'm sure you wouldn't commit murder even to get back to that precious Nina. Little demure cat! how I hate her! I watched you with her one night in the garden, when you thought I was safely underground, and I vowed then that you should believe me dead till the wedding was over, on purpose to pay her out. I'd have given anything to have seen her when she heard she was to be deserted on her marriage-day. How did she take it, Rex? Did she scream or faint, or——Oh, Rex! save me! save me!"

For—how it happened no one ever knew. Perhaps, in his agitation, Rex's practised hand and eye had grown careless; perhaps the strong, sudden squall that blew up just then was too violent and unexpected to be fought against; but in a moment the bright little Queenie was floating bottom upwards, and Rex and his unwelcome companion were struggling in the water.

Reginald Karlson was an expert swimmer, but the tide was dead against him, and the shore some distance off.

The woman, as nearly always happen in such cases was totally helpless.

"Rex—Rex! Save me!"

As the agonized voice, which but a few moments ago had been so full of mockery and defiance, rang upon his ear, his thoughts went back to a bright June morning, when a fresher, clearer young voice had begged him not to leave his newly-made bride.

Who had forced him to leave her?

Who had come between them, and with fiendish malice delayed doing so till the marriage ceremony was over? Who had wrecked his life's happiness and that of his darling?

Who but this woman now calling so helplessly on him! What wild thoughts were those that surged through the strong man's brain as he heard the piteous cry? No one was near! No living soul could ever know! Nothing easier than to declare he found it impossible to save her!

Why not leave her to her fate and go back to his one sweet love? Why should he so greatly lessen his chance of saving himself?

Why cripple his strength by endeavoring to rescue the one who stood between himself and happiness?

These thoughts passed through Reginald Reginald Karlson's madly-excited brain in a few seconds.

Then, as he clutched at the side of the floating boat to support himself, he saw his wife's head just emerging above the water for the first time.

Only a moment or so, and the hands would again be thrown aloft, and the struggling, horror-struck face be again immersed! Only a moment or two, and the temptation was so strong—so terribly strong—and his life's misery was so great, and the remedy seemed so easy! Only a moment or two, and still he wavered—he wavered! Then—ere the wretched woman could gain breath enough to appeal again for help—strong, deep, manly tones said to her gently, more gently than they had spoken to her since the miserable wedding-day, "Keep still, Alicia and I will save you! Trust entirely to me, and above all, don't struggle!"

* * * * * *

The woman whose life Rex had saved at the risk of his own lived but a few hours after her immersion.

"She must have been in a bad state of health for some time," the doctor said when she breathed her last, "Constitution ruined probably by drink," added he, faltering rather as he glanced at the good-looking boatman, in whom he, like most others, was interested, for he was curious to know what relation the woman who had just died under his eye could be to him.

But Rex Karlson only gravely bowed his head as in mute assent, for he knew, and none better, how true the doctor's words must be.

His wife's constitution had been ruined by drink and dissipation, and no doubt, as the practitioner told him, the sudden shock to the nerves had been fatal.

She rallied but once, and was conscious only for a few moments from the time he carried his dripping burden into the little country inn to the time he stood by her bedside and watched the last flicker of life die out.

These few minutes of consciousness were just before the end.

She feebly opened her eyes, and seeing her husband, said without any show of emotion, "After all, Rex, I wish you had known all through that I was alive; and as for the letter I intercepted——"

But here the deathlike stupor returned, and the sentence was never finished.

And these words were all the atonement she ever made to him for ruining his youth by entrapping him into a wretched marriage—for embittering his life while they lived together by her fearful temper and her dissipated habits, and, worst of all, for letting him believe himself free to marry where he loved, and then blasting his newly-found happiness by so cruel a blow.

All the atonement!

Yet Rex Karlson in his great generosity felt only pity, unmixed with any bitterness as he stood and looked down upon the pallid face, and turned away when all was over with one deep glow of thanksgiving at his heart that he had not yielded to those few moments of well-nigh overpowering temptation in the water; that his hands were still pure, and his heart still worthy of sweet Nina's love.

The bright June sunlight again streams down upon Nina Karford's girlhood home. Again it dances and glances among the thick foliage of the grand old trees, and brightens the gloss of the ivy round the numerous turrets; and again the young heiress to all these surroundings stands as she stood on that fatal wedding morning nearly a year ago, and gazes at the lovely scene before her.

Again—but, ah, with what different eyes! Then life looked fair and beautiful—then hopes crowded thickly round her, and the summer morning seemed only part of her own joyous self; now the deep blue eyes are clouded with an ever-present sorrow, and the rosy mouth is curved into abiding

melancholy, and the warm color is faded from the soft, smooth cheek.

"A year ago!" said Nina to herself—"a year ago and all things looked then as they do now except—Rex, oh, Rex, I loved you so dearly. How could you deceive me so?"

But as the whispered words fall drearily from her lips, why does she start and tremble so violently?

Whose form is coming with such quick, eager footsteps forth from the long, dark avenue and overhanging trees?

Who but one would know the place so well, and pass with such quick confidence over the gravelled walks and smoothly shaven lawns, straight to the open French window of Nina's own boudoir, within whose shadow she is standing?

Who but one?

And in spite of the havoc that a year's deep misery had wrought in his face, she knew him in a moment.

Her first impulse was to refuse to grant him an interview, for she was haughty-natured, and her deep sense of injury against him had rather deepened than otherwise as the time rolled on.

But her love cried out against her pride, and though she would not acknowledge it even to herself, deep down in her heart there lurked a feeling that perhaps there was a chance—faint though it was—that he might be able to clear, or at least, excuse himself, and so she stood quietly by the window, and waited for his coming.

"Nina!"

The deep well-beloved tones set her heart beating almost to suffocation; but summoning all her seldom-failing pride, she slowly raised her eyes from the piece of work with which she pretended to be so engrossed as not to have heard his footsteps, and looked him full and steadily in the face.

"Reginald Karlson," she said, in her clear high-bred voice, "this is indeed an unexpected visit. You have come, I suppose, to give the explanation you refused a year back! Your coming is rather tardy is it not?"

"I have come, Nina," he said quietly, and not heeding her scorn, "to give you the story of my life, and to beg you to forgive me the unintentional wrong I did you."

"And again I say that your coming is tardy."

"I cannot deny it. But perhaps when you have heard all, even then it will not be quite unpardonable."

"I greatly doubt it,"—and a touch of passion was mixed now with the scorn,—"I greatly doubt it! There are some injuries that it would be a culpable error to forgive."

"And is mine one of those? You are hard Nina."

"What do you expect me to be? Answer me this, Reginald Karlson. What would the whole world say of a man who disappeared on his wedding-day, and without explanation of any kind absented himself for a year?"

"The whole world would say as I say, that he was a most infamous and heartless scoundrel!"

"Yet this is precisely what you have done."

"Not so Nina! Give me at least justice! I sent you a full explanation."

"Do you add to your other vices that of falsehood?"

"Nina?"—starting up—"you say this to me! You! I tell you, child, that I sent the letter."

"And I tell you, sir, that I never received it—nor even a message—nor tidings of any sort from you or of you!"

"You never received it?"—and then, in deep perturbation, he strode up and down the room.

Suddenly there flashed across his mind the unfinished dying words of his wife. "The letter I intercepted, and——"

"So," he thought, "another trophy from her hands—another piece of treachery to be forgiven! Well, I have to deal with the living, and not the dead!" Then pausing in front of the excited girl, he said, "Nina, before I went away you had known me intimately for a long time. Will you tell me this?—Have you ever found me anything but straightforward and honorable?"

"Never, until——"

"I know what you would say. Then, will you not believe me now, when I tell you that I wrote a letter, and that, before it was posted, it was somehow or other intercepted?"

"No,"—scornfully clear the young voice rang out again—"no, I will not believe! Letters do not get intercepted in the nineteenth century, unless, indeed, they be letters which exist only in imagination."

"You refuse to believe me? O! what use, then, to prolong this interview?" he repeated, rather bitterly. "Child, you have altered so much, that I—— But I did not mean to reproach you. The reproaches I know, ought to all on your side. This is my story, Nina, and I will be as brief as I can. You knew, of course, when I asked you to be my wife, that I had been married before!"

"You told me so."

"I told you so! Do you mean that for another taunt? Well, never mind whether you did or not. I must bear it, as I have borne the others. The first marriage of mine Nina, was a most wretched one. And when some years ago, I heard and read the news of my wife's death, I could not feel anything but relief. But, Nina, please try,—try and not to be too much upset at what I now tell you. She was not really dead, but did not let me know so until—you remember—after we had been through the marriage ceremony.

"Not really dead?" Nina looked at him with horror-struck eyes. "Your wife still alive when you married me?"

"Even so, Nina. That telegram was from her. Do you understand now why I went off in such haste? It was to find out if it were really true, or a fiendish invention of some unknown enemy. I found it only too true, although I did not see her. I could not trust myself to do that. That night—our wedding night, my best beloved—I wrote you a letter, explaining all as well as I could, and the next morning I went down to a little town in Cornwall, where I have been living ever since, as a boatman."

"As a boatman?"—Nina, in her amazement and horror at all his revelations, could do nothing but repeat his words. "Why did you do that?"

"What, then, could I do?" asked he, speaking fast and recklessly. "Go back to my old associates in London? Be scorned and shunned by all? No. The only thing I could do was to hide myself from all eyes, and that I did. And yet, even where I was, and living as I did, I never felt safe from discovery. Tell me, Nina, were no efforts ever made to find me?"

"No; I would not permit it."

"You would not permit it! I guessed. Proud as ever, my little queenie! But see, Nina; here is the rest of the story. Yesterday morning, I took, as I thought, a chance visitor out in my boat, and to my horror, after we had been together for about fifteen minutes, I discovered that she was my wife. Perhaps you can imagine what passed between us. In the midst of it all, a squall came up, and——"

"Oh, Rex! you did not—you did not——"

"Did not upset the boat on purpose do you mean? No, thank Heaven, I did not! It was quite accidental, and I did my best to save her life. But, though she was alive when I took her to shore, the shock was too much for her, and she died before evening. This is all, Nina; and now you have heard my story, tell me, am I to go or stay?

"Rex, I—I—— Oh! what can I tell you?"

"Tell me exactly what your heart bids you," said he, taking the unresisting trembling hand in his. "My little one, in spite of all your bitterness to me, I cannot believe your love is quite gone! Is it, Nina?"

No answer; but, unforbidden, he passed his arm about her, and drew the bright curly head on to his shoulder.

"Is it, Nina?" he repeated softly.

Then, with her face hidden, and tears gathering thickly in the eyes that so lately had been full of youthful scorn and bitterness, she said tremulously, "Rex, I think you know. But I wonder that yours for me has not gone after what I said. Rex, I am sorry' and——"

"Hush, hush, my child! You might well be forgiven for all that you said, and much more. Yours and mine have been hard fates so far, but I think the sunshine is coming after all. Nina, I have been with you all this time, and not had one kiss. Will you not give me one?"

This question seemed to require no answer, or at least received none, but Rex appeared to feel satisfied with what he had instead.

"Rex," said Nina softly, after a pause, "why had that woman such a spite against me as not to let me know before that she was alive?"

"She was jealous of you, my sweet; jealous of your pure white soul, and your dear, your dear young face; jealous, too, of my love for you, though Heaven knows she cared nothing for me herself. We will talk or think no more of her. But tell me, Nina, on the same day as last year—it is fast approaching now, you know—will you come down with me to that quiet little Cornish town, and there go through the marriage ceremony again? And after that, we will travel for some years on the Continent, and then return to my own home. Do you agree to this my darling?"

"Yes, Rex; I agree to anything you wish. That is the least I can do, is it not, after the way I received you?"

"Well it could not be described as a warm welcome," laughed he, passing his hand fondly over the soft, bright hair. "But we will both forgive and forget, Nina, and start together hopefully for the future."

And so, reunited and fondly loving, we leave them.

For the tragic part of their lives is over, and being over our story is done and our task is ended.

After all, their courses seem likely to run together smoothly and happily, if not as "merry as a marriage bell."

"The Wilsons."

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

WELL, really, Mr. Miller, I don't know what to say about it." And good Mrs. Wilson looked meditatively from the card in her hand to the splendid specimen of manhood who stood hat in hand on the vine-clad porch. "You see we have never kept boarders, and this is apple-drying season, and we are busy. But I should be sorry to disappoint Mrs. Bartlet, and if you are quite sure she can take you at the end of two weeks, I suppose I might. But come in a moment, Mr. Miller, and I will see what the girls think about it."

As Mrs. Wilson disappeared down the cool hall, Mr. Miller entered the pleasant sitting-room, and after carefully selecting the easiest chair in the room, proceeded to survey the cosy homelike apartment with its pretty ingrain carpet, its large, neatly-curtained bay window, chintz covered furniture, and tasty bric-a-brac.

At his elbow stood a large reading-table scattered with the latest papers and magazines, while out of the confusion arose a tall, slender vase of the most exquisitely arranged scarlet geraniums, heliotrop, tea roses and smilax.

"Not a bad place," was Mr. Miller's mental comment, just as Mrs. Wilson returned to say that "the girls are willing if it will be any favor to Mrs. Bartlet."

Mr. Miller expressed his thanks, and after having completed arrangements, departed, to return in a few hours with his friend, George Hays.

And thus they took up their abode at Wilson's farm.

After having been conducted by motherly Mrs. Wilson to the large airy chamber which they were to share, Mr. Miller and his friend unpacked and arranged their traps, and then descended to the dining-room, where they were served with a dainty supper in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

They next proceeded to take a stroll and enjoy their cigars in the pleasant, old-fashioned garden.

While strolling leisurely along, they came upon what seemed to be a fairy bower.

At the outskirts of the garden stood a magnificent maple tree, and under its spreading branches the smoothly cut grass rolled like a beautiful carpet.

Three hammocks were swinging loosely in the breeze; a volume of Tennyson's poems was lying upon the ground, and between the leaves a black-bordered handkerchief served as a book mark.

A low sewing-chair, with some crazy patchwork thrown carelessly across it, a basket of silk pieces and floss, and beside it a bunch of withered lilies of the valley, completed the suggestive appearance of the place.

Both gentlemen came to a sudden pause and involuntarily glanced round, as if expecting some fairy apparition in feminine attire to appear and complete the pretty scene before them; but all was quiet and seemingly deserted.

"Well," remarked Mr. Miller, who was first to recover from his surprise, "Mrs. Wilson did not strike me as being particularly poetical. Let's see how her fancy runs."

And with his usual audacity he picked up the book, and found it to be marked at some beautiful lines, the following of which were undermarked with pencil marks—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
* * * * * *
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

"And this!"—looking from the handkerchief to his friend, who had coolly taken possession of one of the hammocks—"I don't seem to catch on!"

"I think I can explain," volunteered Mr. Hays. "While you was over to see about lodging, Mrs. Bartlet gave me a little insight into the family circle at Wilson's farm. She said that there was one son, who is off on a European trip at present, a daughter of about eighteen, at home, and two nieces, one of whom is a widow, so I suppose that is her property."

"Yes, that accounts for it. A cheerful outlook to have a heart-broken, inconsolable widow moping around."

"But Mrs. Bartlet said that she was charming, and that she would wager half-a dozen neckties against as many pairs of gloves that we would both be in love with her before the end of two weeks."

"Me in love with a widow!" sneered Mr. Miller. "Indeed! I detest widows! No dead man's shoes for me! No, thank you!"

And throwing himself into a hammock, he proceeded to wonder what the widow was like, and silence ensued for the space of five minutes.

"One apiece," remarked the 'widow-hater,' at length.

"One what?" asked George Hays.

"One hammock apiece! You said there was one daughter, one niece and a widow."

"I said one daughter and two nieces," said Hays.

"Well, but the widow?"

"Is one of the nieces, of course."

"It's all the same. What makes you so grumpy, George?"

Receiving no reply, Mr. Miller continued—

"I say, George, I wonder where the ladies were at tea-time?"

"Out in the drying-house, to be sure. Didn't Mrs. Wilson say that all hands would be busy until late on a new lot of apples!"

"So she did. I wonder where the drying-house is?"

"I presume we can find out to-morrow if you are anxious."

"Not I. I detest dried apples. That is always the way with these country people, the inevitable dried apples must grace every meal. Pshaw! I hate the very name of them. When I set up an establishment you may be quite sure that dried apples shall not enter therein."

"I think you are the grumpy one. What ails you to-night, Miller?"

"Nothing, but it's deuced dull here. Let's go over to the Bartlet's; there are some pretty girls there, who are not monopolized in the drying business. It's a downright shame that we were crowded out by those horrid McCastles."

"They are not horrid, Miller; we came just two weeks sooner than we were expected, and a small house like Mrs. Bartlet's is easily overflowed. However, as we came for a quiet time, I think our present location the most desirable, and there's a splendid stretch of timber to the north. Wait until——"

"Wait fiddlestick! Let's go!"

It had grown quite dark in the meantime, and as the two gentlemen started, Mr. Miller stumbled over the little sewing-chair, and as he righted himself (with a muttered oath against any widow who would leave chairs around for a fellow to fall over), Mr. Hays was certain he heard a smothered laugh from behind a clump of shrubberies to the right of the hammock in which his friend had been reclining. He said nothing about it, however, and they departed.

Scarcely had they passed out of hearing distance when a much cramped little figure arose from the clump, shook out her dew-dampened draperies, and laughing softly to herself crept to the chair, snatched up basket and patchwork, and fled through the darkness to the house.

Next morning the Wilsons were astir by daylight, and promptly at six o'clock the breakfast bell sounded through the house.

Mr. Wilson was an extensive fruit-grower, as well as a man of position and wealth.

He had grown as a speciality an orchard of the best early drying apples, and realized each year an enormous profit on the sales of his superior dried fruit, hence the month of September was a very busy one at the farm, and a large number of hands were employed to handle the great quantities of golden fruit, and the long veranda upon which the kitchen opened was the scene of the liveliest clatter and cheerful commotion as the bountiful breakfast was served to the merry workers.

The dining-room, however, was quiet, and fragrant with the breath of sweet-briar, that swayed in at the open windows.

The breakfast-table was laid for six, and when the gentlemen entered rather tardily, they beheld four young ladies, whom Mrs. Wilson introduced as "my daughter Nannie, and my three nieces, Hattie, Pattie, and Mattie Wilson."

"Nannie must take my place this morning, as I shall be busy at the other table." And she bustled away, leaving the young folks to take care of themselves.

By common consent formality was thrown aside, and the six were soon chatting away as merrily as if their acquaintance dated months instead of moments,—all save one, who in her gloomy robes seemed sadly out of place in that happy group.

However, both gentlemen found time to scrutinize her closely, and both decided that she was young and a beauty.

As they arose from the breakfast table, Mr. Miller noticed that Miss Nannie and two of the other ladies were dressed alike in fresh print dresses, with white collars and aprons, the only distinguishing feature being that dark-haired Nannie wore at her throat a cluster of scarlet geraniums, Miss Mattie wore heliotrope and Miss Pattie tea-roses, while the widow had simply a spray of smilax to relieve her somber attire.

As the gentlemen were leaving the dining-room, after having loitered as long as as politeness would allow, Miss Nannie ventured to ask if they would like to visit the drying-house.

Mr. Miller eagerly accepted the invitation for both, and was directed how to reach it.

"Come over in a couple of hours," said Mattie, "and you will see what we country girls know about work."

"Well, Miller," said Mr. Hays, after they had reached their own room, "what do you think of the outlook now?"

"Think! I'm charmed! They are the prettiest, sweetest, simplest, most unaffected girls I ever met."

"Do you include the widow?"

"Well," replied Miller, his color rising slightly, "she strikes me as being a very pretty, modest, well-behaved lady, not much inclined to go out of her way for husband number two. I suppose number one has not long since departed. Mr. What's his name? Hattie, Pattie and Mattie are all very well for Mrs. Wilson, but we can't address them so."

"Don't get excited, Miller; there's plenty of time to learn their names to our heart's content."

"I say, George, isn't that Miss Hattie, or Mattie, or whoever she is, a beauty?"

"That's definite!"

"Well, the one who wore heliotrope. Such eyes! such a complexion! and that form. By Jove! I'd like to see her in a city ball-room dress; she'd take the shine off of some of our milk and water beauties at home."

"You must be hard hit, Miller."

"Nonsense; can't a fellow admire a pretty girl without being in love?"

"Oh, certainly."

An hour later found the two gentlemen inspecting the drying-house, and among the busy workers they found three of their companions of the breakfast room enveloped in huge checked aprons, and with hands well polished, each one manipulating a peeler.

After glancing around Mr. Miller carelessly remarked—

"Your cousin, Mrs.——"

As he paused Nannie looked up and laughingly said—

"We are all Wilsons—Hattie, Pattie, Mattie and myself. One is a Wilson by reason of her marriage with my cousin Frank, who is dead, and the other two are the daughters of my father's brother. So as we are all Wilsons, you may distinguish us by using our given names—that is, if the girls are willing."

The girls indicated nodded a mischievous assent.

Nannie continued—

"Poor Pattie has not recovered from her loss sufficiently to be merry with us, but we

are doing our best to cheer her up a little. She spends the greater part of her time in what we girls call our sanctum. It is under a huge maple at the foot of the garden; perhaps you have noticed it, Mr. Miller?"

Mr. Miller flushed slightly, and murmured something about not having been around the place much.

But Mr. Hays, who was very observant, noticed a gleam of mischief in the eyes of the demure Nannie.

"May I turn the peeler, Miss Nannie?" asked Mr. Hays.

And as he found it very pleasant chatting with the merry, free-hearted girl, he did not follow his friend, who had managed to get into the good graces of Miss Mattie, and was assisting her and admiring her loveliness at the same time, much to his own satisfaction, and the evident amusement of Hattie and Nannie, whom Mr. Hays caught exchanging knowing glances.

The morning passed away pleasantly, and when the wagons came to take the workers to dinner, the city gentlemen crowded in with the rest, and the dinner table was the scene of merry banter and cheery laughter.

So the day glided swiftly away.

Mr. Miller seemed to find the drying-room the most desirable place, and did more real work in a week than his friend had known him to do in a year.

"Let's go fishing," Hays would remark in the morning.

"Than afternoon," Miller would reply.

And when afternoon came it would be "in the morning," and the next day the same.

"I thought you didn't like dried apples, Miller."

"Well, who says I do now?"

"You act as though you couldn't exist out of the drying-room," replied Hays, who was not attracted by the monotonous bustle of the noisy workers.

A slamming door was the only answer he received.

So Mr. Hays, left to find his own amusement, took long walks and explored miles of the grand old forest, and occasionally brought home some squirrels or a wild turkey, as tokens of his sportsmanship.

But still more frequently he might have been found lying in one of the hammocks at the "sanctum" reading aloud to the quiet, dark-robed woman whose sad face and somber attire was in such contrast to the bright pieces of the crazy quilt upon which she was always busy, and to which he had contributed innumerable, and designed many queer caricatures for her to outline.

Somehow the sweet voice, quiet smile and gentle manners fascinated him, and although he carefully refrained from any love-like word or action, and never referred to her past life, he felt a strong desire to take her in his arms and ask her to let him share her future, however sweet the memory of the past, or sorrowful the present.

It was the latter part of September when the last of the apples had been put to dry.

And to-day the Wilson girls had come down in dainty garments, the parlors had been thrown open, and the rich tones of the piano were sounding through the house when the gentlemen came down to breakfast.

"Your last day with us, gentlemen," said Nannie, as they rose from the breakfast table. "How we shall miss you."

"What do you mean, Miss Nannie?" asked Miller.

"Why you came to stay two weeks and you have been here three, and Mrs. Bartlet has sent a cart for your traps."

"Well to be sure; how we have imposed upon you. But really it seems but yesterday since we came, and yet I seem to have known——"

He paused as his eyes fell upon the blushing Mattie, and he confusedly left the room.

An hour after breakfast Mr. Hays had followed the quiet Pattie to the sanctum.

"May I not spend this last morning with you, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Of course you may; but—blushingly—please tell me why you always address me as Mrs. Wilson?"

"Why—how—what should I call you?" he stammered.

"Why Miss Wilson, of course, unless you prefer Miss Pattie."

"But I thought—I, though—really I ——"

"Well, what did you think, Mr. Hays?" she asked.

"I thought you was a widow," he answered.

A merry, rippling, contagious laugh was the reply, and in spite of himself Mr. Hays could not resist joining in it.

"What made you think I was a widow?" Pattie asked.

"Your dress. Surely you are in mourning."

The sad look returned to the sweet face.

"Yes; I am in mourning for papa. I have no one left now.

But Mr. Hays was radiant.

"Oh, I am so glad—that is so sorry—I mean I love you, Pattie; won't you be my wife? I thought you was a widow, and I dared not speak of love to you yet. But now I have a right; don't send me away. I will——"

What arguments were about to be urged it is useless to surmise, for Pattie's face told it's own story, and it was an hour before the blissful lovers could talk rationally.

"Pattie," asked Mr. Hays, as they left the beloved 'sanctum,' "is there a widow here? Mrs. Bartlet told me there was."

"Why Mattie is the widow; my brother Frank was her husband, he has been dead six years, and Mattie is only twenty-four now. And you thought her an unmarried lady and your friend?"

Mr. Hays was certainly in the best of humor, for at that simple question he went into convulsive laughter.

Mr. Miller in the meantime had found Mattie alone in the parlor.

"Shall you miss me, Miss Mattie?" he asked, sentimentally, as he tried to take her hand.

"Of course; but you will call on me when you return to the city, will you not? I am merely a visitor here, you know; my home is in the city."

"I shall be delighted. But may I not come as something more than a visitor? Oh, Miss Mattie, can't you see that I love you to distraction and long to make you my wife?"

"Don't be silly; and why do you persist in calling me Miss. I am a widow! My husband was Pattie's brother. But don't look so thunderstruck, Mr. Miller. I can't help being a widow, you know."

"Why didn't you tell me?" gasped he; "I thought the one in black was——"

"She is in mourning for her father," said Mattie.

Mr. Miller was conscious of a feeling of numbness as he sank back in a chair, while Mattie made a hasty exit.

An hour after Mr. Miller sent for Mrs. Mattie.

When she came he said—

"Forgive me, Mrs. Wilson: I must have acted strangely. But I was so surprised to find—that—that is, I do really love you, Mrs. Wilson. I can't give you up. Say that you will give me time to win you at least."

"Thank you for the honor, Mr. Miller, but I am to be married to Nannie's brother in December. He will return from Europe next month, you know. And take my advice, go back to faithful little Bessie Smith, she is more worthy than I. But let's be friends, Mr. Miller. I am very grateful for the assistance you gave me in peeling my apples. You see the new Pastor here said in one of his missionary sermons that true charity meant self-denial, and the girls were determined to earn their charity money this year; and as I was on a visit I thought I would earn a few dollars to see what earning money was like. I took part of my pay in dried apples, however, and when you visit Tom and I, you shall have dried apples served in any way you choose, and——"

Mattie was suddenly deserted, and Hattie and Nannie came gleefully in to hear the result.

After giving a graphic account of the interview, Mattie added—

"I have taught him a severe lesson, I think. The idea of his talking about widows and dried apples the way he did that night when I was hidden in the sanctum. And I wouldn't have been so cruel if he wasn't engaged to poor little Bessie Smith, and her breaking her heart over his neglect."

"Dick," said Mr. Hays, when he reached his room and found his friend packing his traps at a vigorous rate, "I'm the luckiest fellow in the world. I have the prouder——"

One look into his friend's black face was enough; he left his story untold and cried—

"Are you sick, Miller?"

"No; but I'm in a confounded hurry to get out of this infernal old dried apple hole."

WHISTLING FOR BAIT.—"As far as I have been able to ascertain, the custom of whistling for their bait is peculiar," we are told, "to the fisher class in Ceylon. When we were staying near Colombo some time ago, we noticed that from morn till dusk some of the natives were constantly employed in rod-and-line fishing on the sea-shore. A considerable number of fish were caught in this manner, but rarely one of any size, though occasionally a fish of five or six pounds weight would be hauled in. The way in which these men procured their bait was singular. The fisherman ran down some yards to meet an advancing wave, agitated the water, and probably the sand also, with the fingers of one hand, and then ran backwards, whistling all the time: when the wave retired he followed its retreat, and seemed almost invariably to find a long worm left on the sand at the point where he had agitated the water. On being questioned relative to this singular procedure, one native replied that his whistling acted as a charm to the worms, and caused them to rise to the surface."

The war for the Union developed many heroes; but the bravest man this country has produced only came to the front this month. He abducted a Boston school-marm!

Overworked Business Men.

As a restorer of exhausted nerve force, it has been largely shown during the past thirteen years that the Compound Treatment of Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., is the most prompt and efficient agent yet discovered. Its use by overworked business and professional men would save many hundreds of lives every year, and give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion and peril which now attend them. A pamphlet containing full particulars in regard to the nature and action of this remarkable Treatment, will be mailed free. Write for it.

A Narrow Escape.

BY HENRY FRITH.

ONE evening a friend of mine related to me an extraordinary adventure he once met with in the Philippine Islands.

He was out shooting, and had killed a monster heron.

"I was stooping" said he, "to turn my prize over, when I fancied that I heard something moving behind me, and upon looking around I saw my boat swinging away from the shore.

"As quickly as possible I leaped towards the water's edge, but before I could reach the boat I was up to my middle in the soft mud.

"I stretched forth my hands, and made one desperate effort to seize the departing craft, but I failed to touch it, and sank deeper into the mud, and there I stood almost up to my armpits in the slough, and saw my boat float lazily off, hopelessly beyond my reach.

"A happy thought dawned upon me. I would get up out of the mud, and undress myself and swim for my boat.

"I could leap far enough out to strike clear water. But we can't always do as we would; and oftentimes man's most promising plans are knocked in the head by circumstances beyond his control.

"I had just perfected the swimming plan on my mind, and was struggling to free myself from the mud, when something appeared to me that caused me to hasten my movements in a most extraordinary manner. This accelerating presence was nothing more or less than an enormous crocodile."

"The ugly monster lay with his head towards me, eyeing me slurply, and evidently calculating how large a morsel I would make. And he, it was probably, that had disturbed the boat.

"The instinct of self-preservation gave me strength, and while I struggled up and back I plashed with my hands, and yelled with my lungs, making all the noise and commotion I could.

"The fellow did not attack me, and I finally succeeded in reaching firm ground, where I sat down to rest, for the effort of extricating myself from that sticky trap had used up the last atom of my strength.

"When I had gained breath enough to enable me to stand without an effort, I got up and looked about me.

"My position was surely not an enviable one. The Island, of which I was at that moment lord and master, was not more than five or six rods long, by about four broad, and was covered with reeds. There was a clump of low water-bushes upon one side, but there was no such thing as a tree upon it.

There I was, in possession of the dead heron; and I felt that I had most emphatically caught a Tartar.

"The boat was drifting away before a gentle breeze towards that part of the main shore from which I had come, and for me to swim to it was out of the question.

"The crocodile had disappeared; but I knew that he would very quickly find me if I ventured into the water.

"I stood there, contemplating the scene, until the boat had drifted upon the distant shore, and then I sat down again. My only hope of escape was that someone might come to the lake in search of me. But what if no one came?

"I had sat there half an hour or more, and the sun was sinking so low that the shadows fell entirely across the lake, when I observed a commotion in the water before me, and presently two large crocodiles made their appearance, looking very hungry and betraying an evident desire to eat me up.

"I seized my rifle and fired at the one nearest me, upon which quickly disappeared. The sun went down, and the last gleam of daylight faded away.

I sat beside my dead heron, but dared not go to sleep. When I felt the drowsy spirit coming upon me I started up and paced to fro across the narrow island. But this could not be kept up.

"Towards midnight, as I sat beside my bird, my head sank upon its soft, feathery breast, and I was asleep before I knew it.

"I do not think I slept long, however. Something oppressed me, and I awoke with a suffocating sensation to find my nostrils inhaling a strong, sickening odor. The moon had risen, and by its light I saw an enormous crocodile, with its horrible jaws not six feet from me.

"To cock a pistol and flatten a ball against his armor was but the work of a moment; and as I leaped to my feet, with my rifle in my hand, the fellow turned and scrambled for the water.

"I slept no more that night, and no more crocodiles visited me. When daylight came again, I began to consider anew the chances of my being found by my friends.

"I waited until the sun had been up two hours, and then I discharged my rifle. I was hungry and faint, and the dampness of the night had helped to waste my strength. By-and-by I fired again, putting in as much powder as I thought would burn with a report.

"I had fired thus, at intervals of about ten minutes, until I had but one charge left, and I was beginning to calculate anew upon my chances, and to think of what would be the result if I was not found, when a most welcome sight broke upon my vision.

"I saw some of my men coming down towards the lake. I fired my last charge, and as they thus gained a knowledge of my whereabouts, they hastened on, and were soon at the water's edge.

"I made them understand where the boat was; and when they had found it, and I knew that I was safe, I sank down, and was fairly asleep when they reached me.

"My friends had followed me just as I had anticipated.

"They had found my horse at the rotelry and having learned the direction I had taken, they set forth.

"They might not, however, have discovered the place where I had turned off from the road, had they not heard the report of my rifle. I got back to my ship, where a small quantity of brandy, and a very generous quantity of nourishing food, and rest soon restored me to myself. A skillful taxidermist, whom I found on shore, prepared the skin of my heron for me, and it now holds a place in my cabinet."

NOSE-BLEED. The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by a prominent physician at one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of chewing. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be inserted to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaw that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in the severest cases.

"DROPPED DEAD."

The Fate that Overcame "Little Mac" and five other Governors.

Apropos of the sudden death of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, we note that the New York *Sun*, points out the singular fact that Governor DeWitt Clinton, Governor Silas Wright, Governor William L. Marcy, Governor and Chief Justice Sanford E. Church, and Governor R. E. Fenton all of New York state, dropped dead of heart disease, and under quite identical circumstances—each of them dying while reading a letter except Marcy, who was perusing Cowper's poems!

Hold your hand against the ribs on your left side, front;—the regular, steady beating of the great "force pump" of the system, run by an unknown and mysterious Engineer, is awful in its impressiveness!

Few persons like to count their own pulsebeats, and fewer persons still enjoy marking the "thud—thub" of their own heart.

"What if it should skip a beat!"

As a matter of fact the heart is the least susceptible to primary diseases of any of our vital organs. It is, however, very much injured by certain long-continued congestions of the vital organs, like the kidneys, liver and stomach. Moreover, blood filled with uric acid produces a rheumatic tendency, and is very injurious to healthful heart action,—it often proves fatal, and, of course the uric acid comes from impaired kidney action.

Roberts, the great English authority, says that heart disease is chiefly secondary to some more fatal malady in the blood or other vital organs. That is, it is not the original source of the fatal malady.

The work of the heart is to force blood into every part of the system. If the organs are sound it is an easy task. If they are at all diseased, it is a very, very hard task. Take as an illustration: The kidneys are very subject to congestion and yet, being deficient in the nerves of sensation, this congested condition is not indicated by pain. It may exist for years, unknown even to physicians, and if it does not result in complete destruction of the kidneys, the extra work which is forced upon the heart weakens it every year, and—a "mysterious" sudden death claims another victim!

This is the true history of "heart disease,"—so called, which in reality is chiefly a secondary effect of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and indicates the universal need of that renowned specific Warner's safe cure.

B. F. Larrabee, Esq., of Boston, who was by it so wonderfully cured of Bright's disease, in 1870, says that with its disappearance went the distressing heart disorder, which he then discovered was only secondary to the renal trouble.

There is a general impression that the medical profession is not at fault if it frankly admits that heart disease is the cause of death. In other words, a cure of heart disease is not expected of them!

There may be no help for a broken down, worn out, apoplectic heart, but there is a help for the kidney disorder which in most cases is responsible for the heart trouble, and it is use but money and time into the treasury of the profession instead of into the hands of an independent investigator, every graduated doctor in the world would exclaim of it, as one, nobler and less prejudiced than his fellows, once exclaimed: "It is a God-send to humanity!"

What therefore must be the public estimate of that bigotry and want of frankness which forbids in such cases (because forsooth it is a proprietary article), the use of the one effective remedial agency of the age?

"Heart disease," indeed! Why not call such things by their right names?

Why not?

"Dead without a moment's warning." This likewise is an untruth! Warnings are given by the thousand. Physicians are "not surprised." They "expected it!" They know what the end will be, but the victim?—"oh no, he mustn't be told, you know, it would only frighten him, for there is no help, you know, for it!"

The fate that attended "Little Mac" and the five governors is not a royal and exclusive one—it threatens every one who fails to heed the warnings of nature as set forth above.

Our Young Folks.

THREE BLUE BEADS.

BY E. W. M.

TELL me where you were last evening, Jack. I saw you go out at the back door just after the dinner bell rang, and when I went into your room at nine o'clock you were not there."

"I was down stairs in the drawing-room at ten minutes past," was the sulky answer.

"Tell me where you were all that time," said Miss White, gently, for her heart ached for the orphan boy. "If you won't answer me, I shall conclude that the stories I have heard about you are true."

Jack colored crimson.

"You can believe what you like. I'm not a baby to be obliged to give an account of every minute in the day, and if you can't trust me out of your sight, the sooner you let me go off to sea the better, Aunt Agnes."

This was always Jack's weapon, and Miss White changed the subject by saying—

"If you have nothing particular to do this morning, I wish you would walk into Shanklin, and pay Burton's bill. I want a twenty dollar note changed; do you think you can go for me?"

The walk from Bonchurch to Shanklin lies through some of the loveliest scenery of the Isle of Wight, and Jack knew that the primroses, and blue-bells would be all out in the Landslip.

"I suppose Annie may come too," he said.

"She may go a little way with you, but not far, as she has to come back for her music lessons at twelve; then she can come and meet you, and we will all dine together at two o'clock. Here's the twenty dollar note, mind where you put it."

Left alone in the dining-room, Jack looked at the crisp note.

"Twenty whole dollars," he thought; "that is just about what I really want."

A long shrill whistle roused him, and he opened the French windows, and went bounding over the lawn, having hardly disappeared behind a deep bank of rhododendrons when Miss White and Annie came into the dining-room.

"Oh, auntie, he has gone without me," said the little girl. "I wish I hadn't stopped to get my necklace."

"He can't have gone far, for I heard him whistling a minute ago. Suppose you run after him, dear; he is sure to go the Landslip way."

Annie ran down the steep hill, past the tiny old church, and so on to the cliffs and into the Landslip, where she began picking primroses.

Presently she heard the familiar "cooey, cooey," which was the signal between the brother and sister, and Jack came in sight, looking hot and out of breath.

When Annie began to scold him for keeping her waiting, he answered rather sharply; so she put her hand in his, and walked along the narrow uneven path in silence.

"Annie," said Jack, "what should you do if you heard I had done something very wrong?"

"I shouldn't believe it," was the prompt answer from the little maiden.

"Now, dear, you had better go back," said Jack, presently. "I will be as quick as I can to Shanklin. You can meet me at the first stile at a few minutes to two. Mind you are there."

Annie stood still, and she watched her brother till he was hidden from view, then turned slowly homeward.

She was sitting on the stile looking toward Shanklin, when a voice said suddenly—

"Will you allow me to pass, missie?"

Looking up she saw a rough lad.

"You needn't be frightened, missie," said he, noticing the startled look in her face; "your brother is too good a friend to us for me to hurt you. Which way has he gone?"

Annie looked up trembling.

"I don't want to tell you," she said, on which he laid a hand on her shoulder.

She jerked it out of his grasp; and his fingers must have been on the necklace, for the elastic snapped, and the big blue beads were rolling in all directions.

The gipsy stooped to pick them up, while Annie stood watching him; she was angry with the stranger for being the cause of the breaking of her necklace, and for a moment forgot her dread of him.

Then suddenly, as he held up her pinafore and poured her beads into it, all her fear for her brother returned, and with a murmured "Thank you," she sat on the foot of the stile and wept bitterly.

Annie had her cry out; then she determined to make an effort to save her brother from meeting the gipsy, and bounded down the path which leads to Luccombe Chine.

Meanwhile, Jack had been speeding on his way to Shanklin with a heavy heart.

He was going to do something which he was certain was wrong, and yet he felt he must do it.

"I've half a mind to go back home," he said, as he left the Landslip, and entered the field which opens on the upper part of Shanklin. "I wish those gipsies had never come to Wroxall, or at least that I had never seen them. Ten dollars! It's a lot of money for me to find, and I'm sure I don't know what auntie will say."

Jack went straight to a jeweler's shop in Shanklin, where he was well known.

As he came out there was a flush on his face, and something like tears in his eyes.

"That's done," he thought. "Now for Mr. Burton's bill. Oh, dear, if that twenty dollar note had only been mine. Why! where is it!"

In his terror and excitement he said the last words aloud, and a voice he knew full well answered:

"I'm sure I don't know, sir, but I do know that you have walked into Shanklin pretty quick; I tried to catch you, to ask you to make it three instead of two."

"I told you to wait for me in the fields. There's the money, now let me alone; for I want to think," Jack answered sharply.

Tom grasped the three coins passed into his hand, whispering: "Heaven bless your kind heart!" walked back toward Ventnor, leaving Jack still feeling for the twenty dollar note.

At last he came to the conclusion that it was nowhere about his person, and must have dropped out of his pocket.

The only question was whether it was somewhere in the Landslip or in the dining room at home.

When he reached the last stile, at which Annie was to meet him, he was disappointed to see no one in sight.

"Everything's going wrong," he thought. "It would have been easier to face Aunt Agnes if Annie's hand had been in mine."

It was past two o'clock when he entered the house, and going straight into the dining-room looked anxiously around.

Not a single piece of paper was to be seen.

"Is that you, Jack?" called Miss White from the greenhouse. "How long you have been! What made you take Annie all the way?"

"I didn't," said Jack, going to the greenhouse, and turning very cold and white. "She left me at the stile more than two hours ago."

"Then where is the child?" said Miss White, dropping her pruning-scissors.

"I looked about for her as usual at the stile, aunt," he said meekly. "But I was thinking so much about the——," he stopped, for he felt that he could not add another sorrow to his aunt's burden just then.

"I'll run back to the stile at once," he said; "perhaps she was picking flowers out of sight. I never thought to give our signal."

When he reached the stile, he had to wait some minutes before he could recover breath enough to give "cooey, cooey."

Again and again he called, but no answer came.

Peering about for any sign of Annie's presence, he came upon the basket of flowers hidden under the hedge, and as he stooped to pick it up, he caught sight of one blue bead.

He knew it well, for he had bought that necklace himself, before he had left school for the holidays, and had threaded the beads two or three times for poor Annie.

Once more he called, "cooey, cooey" and was startled to hear a shrill whistle which he knew too well to answer.

Of all people in the world he least wished to see Gipsy Tom just then, but that individual came running along the path at the top of his speed.

"Why, what's the matter, sir?—you do look white!"

Jack explained in a few words that he was looking for his sister; and then Tom's gipsy instinct helped to put Jack on the right track.

"Perhaps we might find some more of those beads," he said thoughtfully; "I put them all in her pinafore, and you may be sure she dropped that one as she put the basket under the hedge."

Patiently the two sought narrowly along the path to Shanklin, poor Jack going on hands and knees in his eagerness.

Miss White, who arrived trembling and pale, was astonished to see her nephew in such company, but as the gipsy was helping in the search, made no remarks.

"We'd better try Luccombe way," said Tom at last, straightening himself for a minute. "Now I think of it, she looked so scared at me, and my asking which way you went, that she would be sure not to come the same road that I did. Here's another," he cried presently, when they were all three carefully searching in the steep path. Jack pressed the bead to his lips.

They looked in vain for any other trace of the missing child, till they came to some small cottages built under the cliff, close to Luccombe Chine, and just opposite the door of one they came across another of the little blue beads.

"She must have passed along here," said Miss White with a sigh of relief. She knocked at the door opposite to which the bead had lain, and received no answer. But Jack had knocked at the next house, and found a homely woman, who greeted them gladly with—

"Be ye come after the young lady, sir? Poor little lamb she has had a bad fall, but she is all right now. The first thing she asked for was her beads which her brother gave her; my master went off to look for them at once, and found them where she fell, but she says there are three lost."

Jack hardly heard the words as he pressed past the woman to where his little sister lay white and still on the sofa, with an ugly bruise on her brow, and one arm hanging helpless by her side.

"My master has gone for the doctor," said the woman to Miss White; "and he won't be long before he's back, I expect."

Then she explained how she had found poor Annie lying senseless on the shingle, having doubtless lost her footing on the steep path, and falling headlong over.

The doctor arrived and the arm was set, but he said that Annie ought not to be moved for at least twenty four hours, so Miss White went home for some necessaries, leaving Jack in charge, Tom having long since disappeared.

He sat silently by Annie's side, holding one hand in his, and repenting bitterly of all that had happened in the past week, determined to make a full confession to his aunt when she came back.

Then he remembered the lost twenty-dollar note, and knew he must begin by telling her that.

Accordingly, when Miss White returned he told her of his misfortune.

She had had time during her walk to Ventnor and back, to think over all the events of the day and to remember that the fact of seeing the gipsy talking familiarly with her nephew rather pointed to the truth of certain statements that she had heard from a village gossip, that "Master Jack was hand and glove with them gipsies at Wroxall."

So when Jack confessed to the loss of the twenty-dollar note an unpleasant thought passed through her mind.

"Let me see whether it has got into the lining of your waistcoat," she said.

"Why, what's this, Jack?" she exclaimed bringing out a dollar. "Oh, Jack, my boy, how could you?"

Jack sprang to his feet.

"Do you suspect me of stealing, auntie?" he cried, in a voice quite hoarse with passion.

"No, no," said Miss White remembering that she had been too hasty; "but where did you get that dollar from?"

"I won't tell you till I find your twenty-dollar note," was the proud answer, and Jack went out into the fast-falling dark, without a farewell word to his sister. His heart smote him as he climbed up the path which had been so fatal to her, but his temper was roused; and he would not open the door to softer feelings. The servant was scared as he dashed into the house, unheeding her inquiries after Miss Annie, and began turning everything topsy-turvy in the dining-room.

"Have you been dusting here since ten o'clock this morning?" he asked of the astonished housemaid, who had followed him into the room.

"Yes, sir: mistress said I hadn't done it properly, so I came in after you left."

Jack was feeling all over the sofa, and pushing his hand down under the arm, where the cushions were loose, he drew out, crumbled and creased the missing note; then, to the utter astonishment of Mary, he lay flat on his face and went into mingled tears and laughter, which caused her to fetch a glass of water and throw it promptly over the back of his head.

It was too dark to go back to the little cottage, so Jack ate his supper and went to bed.

As he lay awake for some time, he realized how much he had been to blame during the past week.

He had been doing good indeed, but in such a queer way that it really amounted to harm.

Riding alone over the downs near Wroxall, he had come upon a gipsy girl, and entering into conversation with Tom, found that his father had been put in prison for stealing, that his mother was ill, and that there was no money to get food.

Tom was afraid to steal just then, or he would probably, gladly have done it, but Jack talked kindly to the wild boy, and showed him the wickedness of dishonesty, promising to give him all the money he could spare, if he would try to be honest. Evening after evening Tom had gone into Bonchurch to meet his benefactor, never returning empty handed.

The evening before our story begins, the gipsy had begged for the loan of ten dollars which he said would enable him to buy a good stock of baskets and earthenware, to go about the island respectably, mending and selling chairs and baskets.

Jack promised he would try to raise the money, and went into Shanklin to sell his watch.

He got a twenty for it from the jeweler, who knew the young gentleman, and promptly wrote off to Miss White, to acquaint her with the strange sale.

Poor Jack had shed tears in his little room over the watch which had belonged to his father, little thinking he would bring misery on himself and his sister by his unwise conduct, and bitterly he repented it all now.

The next day he walked to Luccombe before breakfast, put the twenty-dollar note into his aunt's hands, and said meekly—

"I hope you will never suspect me again." Then he told her the story of the watch, to which poor little Annie listened in astonishment.

Miss White did not scold her nephew, for she knew that he had suffered enough, but she whispered as she put her arm round his neck, "I understand it all, my boy, you will know now—

"What a tangled net we weave
When first we practise to deceive."

JACK'S PUZZLE.

BY DAVID KER.

YES, I've had plenty of pets in my time," said Mr. G——, first officer of the good ship *Thessaly*, outward bound for Bombay and Calcutta. "The first I had was a little yellow monkey, so small that he used to catch hold of my whiskers and swing himself backwards and forwards by them. He was a great pet with the children, and very well he behaved, never offering to bite them, however much they pulled him about.

"But at last, poor little fellow, he went and ate something that didn't agree with him, and died right away, and very sorry I was to lose him, I can tell you.

"My next pet was a big grey parrot, which I picked up at Spanish Town in Jamaica. Before I got it, it had been aboard a West Indian coaster, and whenever I went near the cage it used to hail me with 'Ah, you lazy young rascal!' which was what it had often heard the captain say to the cabin-boy.

I taught it a good many tricks, and for the first month or two it amused me well enough. But after awhile I began to get tired of its screeching and screaming, so I gave it away to a chum of mine who was in the China trade; and I hope he liked it better than I did.

"After Poll came a wee tortoise-shell kitten, which I found one night down below 'tween decks, just after leaving Liverpool, and so we called her 'Stowaway.'

"When I first got her, she was such a little bit of a thing that I used to put her into the pocket of my big pilot-coat to keep her warm.

"But small though she was, she was as brave as a lion. Often and often when we were beating against a head wind, with the sea breaking over us fore and aft, and the old craft pitching as if she meant to bump the very masts of her, little Stowaway would come picking her way across the deck, holding on with all four paws at every roll, and seeming quite to enjoy it.

"But when we got into the fine warm weather of the tropics, away from all the cold and rain, she was the happiest cat alive.

"She always knew when it was my watch on deck, and up she would come at my heels on to the bridge, and run round after her own tail till you could hardly tell tail from head, and when she got tired of that, she used to curl herself up on a spare sail in the sunniest corner, and purr away like anything."

"And what became of her?" asked I.

"Well, I took her home with me one Christmas, and the children got to be so fond of her, and made such a to-do at the thought of having to part with her again, that I had just to leave her at home with them, and she's there now."

"And what was your pet, then?"

"Why, here he comes to speak for himself. "Hi, there, Jack! good Jack!"

'Jack' was a splendid Newfoundland dog, which came flying up the ladder at that moment, barking for joy, and jumping about so violently as almost to knock us down."

"Steady, Jack, steady!" cried Mr. G——, patting the huge shaggy head affectionately. "Lie down—lie down!"

The well-trained beast instantly obeyed, curling himself up in a corner, where he lay quite still but for an occasional flap of his great black tail, with one eye turned sideways towards his master, as much as to say, "See what a good dog I am!"

"Ain't he a fine fellow?" said Mr. G—— looking at him admiringly; "and he's got as much sense as a man, that he has. Fact, he's got a deal more sense than many a man that I've had to do with. Whenever he sees the men go to work to haul a brace or a halliard, he'll fasten on to it with his teeth and haul too, as well as any of 'em."

"He's a regular 'fo'c'stle Jack, then: indeed, I suppose that's how he got his name."

"No, not exactly. You see, the skipper from whom I got him was a Maltese, and he used to call him 'Jackeymo' (Giacomo), which I cut down to 'Jack.'" He always had been at out him, and no mistake. I never saw him regularly taken aback but once."

"We were lying at anchor in a small inlet a good way to the southward on the west coast of South America, when all at once, right on our starboard quarter, only a few hundred feet from the ship, up rose a big seal. I suppose Jack—being English born, though he was Newfoundland breed—had never happened to see one before; and when he saw the great black head and staring eyes come up out of the water, he looked so puzzled that it made us all laugh ti to split.

"The first thing Jack did was to jump up on to the bulwark and give a great bark, as much as to say, 'Who are you?' and then, when the thing seemed to take no particular notice, he seemed to make up his mind that he ought to go and find out what on earth it was.

"Overboard he jumped and swam straight toward it.

"The seal never moved an inch till he got quite close to it, and then, just as we were all watching to see what would happen, down popped Mr. Seal as if had never been there at all!

"Well, if ever you saw a dog look foolish in his life, Jack did then.

"He stopped short, and stared all about him as if he didn't know where he was; and then he began to swim round and round, looking everywhere to see if the thing would come up again.

"But at last he seemed to give it up as a bad job, and paddled slowly back to the ship again; and when he got on board, he came creeping up to where I stood, and gave a howl, as much as to say, "Isn't it too bad to cheat a respectable dog like me that way?"

Ayer's Pills are the ready remedy which defeat many diseases, if taken in season. They should be kept in every family.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In Love and Right,
And cease their scorn for one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And Knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All Slavery, Warfare, Lies, and Wrongs,
All Vice and Crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
Ever said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other!

GIANTS.

Giants, either in form or intellect, have always commanded respect, and challenged the admiration of their fellow men. Men have always loved the marvelous and mighty; hence, giants come in for their share of praise in all ages.

"There were giants in those days," said Moses, and from Og, the King of Bashan, down to Goliath, with whom David had a misunderstanding, they continually crop up. In fact, if the arguments of some writers are to be accepted, the Adamic race of men were pretty long.

Henrion, a learned Frenchman, claimed that there was a great decrease in the height of men from the Creation to the birth of Christ. Adam, he says, was one hundred and twenty-three feet high; Eve, one hundred and eighteen feet; Noah, twenty-seven feet; Moses, thirteen feet. This statement about Adam, over whose grave Mark Twain felt so sad, is moderate compared with the comments of the early rabbinical writers, who declare that Adam's head was above the atmosphere.

The Titans were among the first heathen giants. From them came the Gigantes, who had terrible faces and dragon tails. They attacked the gods, and piled mountains upon mountains to reach the heavens.

Ulysses killed Polyphemus, the cannibal, by filling him full of liquor, burning his eye with a fire-brand, and escaped between his legs.

The belief in giants, so very common among the Romans, is evidenced by the ruins of many enormous statues that are found near Thebes. The statue of Minerva, at the Parthenon, was twenty-seven feet high.

Oliver Cromwell had a porter six feet seven inches high. He went mad, and for many years was confined in an asylum. He became a religious enthusiast, and often preached. It is recorded that he predicted the fire of London.

Nell Gwynne gave him a Bible, and, one day, when he was preaching, Charles Leslie, who wrote "Snake in the Grass," asked a woman what she was listening to that madman for. "Festus thought Paul mad," was the reply.

The King of Prussia had a body-guard of giants. They were kidnapped or stolen from all parts of the empire, and some rhymster says of them:

"They were mostly nervous, six-foot fellows,
All fit to make a Patagonian jealous."

In the reign of Henry VIII., there was born of honest parents a maid called "Long Meg," for she "did not only surpass all the rest of her country in length of limb, but every limb was so fitted to her tallness that she seemed the picture and shape of a tall man cast in a woman's mould," says a quaint old pamphlet.

Going up to London she whipped a carrier, had a skirmish with a Spanish knight, a bout with thieves, got married, and fought the French at Boulogne. Ben Jonson had evidently heard of her, for he says:

"Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a crane,
And feet like a plane;
With a pair of heels
As broad as two wheels."

Platerus, a physician of the seventeenth century, tells of a girl whom he saw in Basle. At five years of age her body was as large as that of a woman. The belt that she wore round her waist would encircle her father and mother when they stood together.

Charles Lamb wrote an amusing paper about the "Gentle Giantess:" "The widow Blockett, of Oxford, is the largest female I ever had the pleasure of beholding. I take her to be a lineal descendant of the maid's aunt of Brentford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. I have passed many a holiday with her at her favorite park at Woodstock. With more than a man's bulk, her humors and occupations are eminently feminine. She worketh slender sprigs upon delicate muslin, her fingers being capable of moulding a colossus. She sippeth her wine out of her glass daintily, her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelberg. She goeth mincingly with those feet of hers, whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure."

Patrick Coster was a celebrated giant, and his life illustrates that giants have troubles as well as other people. His parents were poor, and of ordinary size. His father leased him for exhibition to a showman for two hundred and fifty dollars a year. When he reached Bristol he demanded extra pay for himself. This the showman would not agree to, and had him put in jail as a debtor. He was liberated, however, and the contract between his father and the showman declared illegal, and he was permitted to exhibit on his own account, which he did, realizing one hundred and fifty dollars in three days.

Coster changed his name to O'Brien, and said he was a lineal descendant of King Brian Boro, and that he possessed in appearance all the similitude of that great potentate.

His height was stated to be nine feet, though a memorial tablet at Bristol says his height was eight feet three inches. He made a fortune, and died in 1804. He was afraid of dissection, and left orders that he be buried in a brick tomb secured by iron bars. It is singular fact that giants, generally, have a dislike for the dissecting-table, though they are willing to exhibit when alive.

Grains of Gold.

A principle cannot be crushed.

Calamity is a man's true touchstone.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

Never speculate under any circumstances.

He who knows nothing is confident in everything.

Actions are the measures of worth, not professions.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

We often need those reproofs which we have given to others.

Grace sometimes finds its way into the least promising heart.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Men's heads are sometimes like omnibuses—the empty ones make the most noise.

He who puts a bad construction on a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

Inclination never wants an excuse; and if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found.

In studying character do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the virtues of a bitter enemy.

The most divine light only shineth on those minds which are purged from all worldly dross and human uncleanness.

If there were no enemy there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no fear, there could be no hope.

It is an easy thing to accept as true or best what we wish to be so, without sifting the evidence: but to judge wisely takes both labor and time.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the bitter thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.

It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rests on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing good to another.

There is a respect due to age, but there is also a respect due to youth, the lack of which accounts for many a failure in the household and in systems of educations.

Smile not at the legend as vain, that once in holy hands a worthless stone becomes a heap of silver. Let thy alchemist be contentment, and stone or ore will be equal to thee.

Femininities.

Women own and operate nearly one thousand farms in Iowa.

An Iowa woman has named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene.

Long honeymoon trips gladden the hearts of British brides this autumn.

In London they have a Kyrie Society—"for bringing beauty home to the people."

At a recent English wedding the bridesmaids carried huge bunches of grapes instead of flowers.

Excess of ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

A Warsaw surgeon not long ago committed the dreadful mistake of removing the wrong eye from a young lady patient.

An artistic pin is that of a lattice work of gold or silver, through the openings of which appear the blooms of a wild rose vine.

The deaths of infants are nearly doubled during the winter season; one-sixth of the deaths of young children result from exposure to cold.

"John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. "Arsenic!" gruffly answered John.

"I threw a stone I knew not where," is the first line of a recent poem. The author's name is not published, but there is little doubt that a woman wrote it.

Madame De Stael says there is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love, that lends to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

Carrying politeness to excess is said to be raising your hat to a young lady in the street, and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall out upon the pavement.

The new Constitution of Kentucky will contain a provision that no man shall thrash his betrothed. In civilized communities hostilities should never begin until after marriage.

"Well, I don't care if she does talk about her neighbors, there's one good thing to be said in her favor, anyhow." "What's that?" "She never fooled away her time on a crazy quilt."

A Brooklyn landlady accidentally put kerosene in her coffee the other morning, and was much mortified when her boarders unanimously congratulated her upon the improvement thereby created.

A celebrated beauty once asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night-cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night-cap?" "Oh, child," said she; "but you know, in case of fire!"

Mrs. Marion Todd, whose former home was in San Francisco, where she ran for Attorney-General, but who is now a resident of Michigan, stumped the State of Nebraska for the fusionists in the canvass recently closed.

At the wedding of the eldest son of Lord Colville to Miss Streatfield, the six youthful bridesmaids were white, with sashes, braces, cuffs and collars of ruby surah. They also wore wide white hats, with ruby pompons in front, red stockings and shoes, and carried bouquets of red roses.

Christians are no longer liable to insults from masculine Mohametans, but nine out of ten of the elder women, even in Constantinople, will look askance at a Christian unbeliever, and greet him with the cheerful salutation: "May the dogs devour your bones!"

"Have you one of the new postal cards?" inquired a young dressmaker at an interior postoffice. "No, they haven't got to us yet," replied the clerk. "Won't one of the old style do?" "Mercy, no! I want to order some new goods from New York. It would compromise me dreadfully to use an old style card."

The time may come when politics will mean all that is noble and good; when a small boy will break an apple in two and give his little sister the biggest half; when a tramp will work, and a stray dog won't bite; but the day will never come when a fly can tickle a drowsy person's nose without getting itself disliked.

A woman in Hammondsport, N. Y., attempted to drown a kitten in a lake a few days ago, but in doing so lost her balance and was drowned, while the feline escaped its intended fate. The cat had wandered into the woman's household, and having given considerable trouble, she determined upon ending its existence.

Some statistician, who wants to make people feel dreadfully blue, figures it all out thus: "Select 100,000 healthy boys and girls from the public schools of our country. Let each be 10 years old. At 23, 10,000 will be dead; at 30, 25,000; at 65, 50,000; at 75, 60,000; at 85, 90,000; at 93, 99,000; at 95, 99,000—only ten alive; and in one hundred years 99,000 will be dead."

The man who said: "A landlady who boards her lodgers, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak being her coffee and tea, and the strong, the butter," would probably be ungallant enough to agree with the following: "The reason why a woman always adds a postscript to her letter, is because she's bound to have the last word, if she has to write it herself."

Two years ago a sprightly Tulare county, Cal., citizen aged 82, wedded a widow eight years his junior, but for some reason or other the union was unhappy, and a separation followed, the groom departing for parts unknown. Lately, however, the old gentleman returned, thoroughly resigned to a reconciliation; a house has been newly furnished, and the couple are living happily together.

"Fashion has its pains as well as its pleasures," says a gossip, "and these belles have their griefs, too. I heard one of them tell hers to a friend. 'You are looking quite sad to-day. I do declare,' said a sympathizer; 'what in goodness' name is the matter?' 'Oh, I've had to give up my pug; it almost breaks my heart,' was the reply. 'I kept him beyond the fashion, and I had to displace him him with a spaniel. Oh, this frequent changing of one's dog is enough to crush a sensitive nature.'"

Masculinities.

It was found in Cincinnati that twenty-one men who had married red-headed girls were color blind.

When you meet a lady in the street you must not walk with her unless she (directly or indirectly) asks you.

Almost any man knows more than his father until he is forty years old. Then he drops into the ranks of the ignorant and begins to take lessons.

"You say your brother is younger than you, yet he looks much older." "Yes, he has seen a great deal of trouble; but I never married," was the reply.

The man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

An ancestor of Jay Gould, Major Nathan Gould by name, was the wealthiest man in Plainfield, Conn., in 1 70. Statistics show him to have been worth $1,800.

Meissonier has painted a full-length miniature of himself in which the face is said to be no bigger than a man's finger nail, and yet the little picture is priced at $3,000.

Little Johnny, on being asked by his school-teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied that "Ma was always at pa when he came home late."

"Our eyes," says a witty writer, "were put in front that we might see before we leap, and not behind, that we might recognize a chasm after we have fallen into it."

It is very painful to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life must we learn to bear without a murmur, for it is a tale often repeated.

Pope Leo is said to have an income of $1,200,000 annually, and it is stated, on the authority of Monsignor Capel, that the Pope's personal expenses are limited to $2 a day.

An Inventor, of Syracuse, N. Y., committed suicide a day or two ago because of a fear he entertained of becoming poor. At the time of his death he was worth $45,000.

Since the general diffusion of knowledge among the female sex, even the bride of a year knows that lodges do not hold sessions after 12 P. M. Cut this out—it may save your life.

The famous family of Howards, of England, are descended from a swine herd, or hog ward; the Bulwers are descended from a bull ward who, in days of auld lang syne looked after the manor bull.

From six to twenty bridal couples visit the White House daily. The President has resolved to revive a custom once prevalent there, and to present a few choice flowers to each bride that calls on him.

Of the nine great musical composers of Germany not one of them had a face an average man would like to meet on a lonely road at twilight's solemn hour. He'd count on either being dunned or thumped.

Mr. John M. Hubbard, of Woodmont, Conn., believing that bonnets are more dressy than hats, and that tight hat-bands cause baldness, has suggested to a large millinery firm in New Haven the manufacture of bonnets for men.

"Pray," said a lady to Foote, the actor, "what sort of man is Sir John D——?" "Oh, a very good sort of man." "But what do you call a good sort of man?" "Why, madam, one who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance."

Many cases of severe nervous shock have been caused by boys wearing masks; and recently, in Rye, England, the shock from this cause resulted in the death of a little girl. She lost her reason on the day after the occurrence, and collapse soon followed.

"What is the origin of motion?" asked a celebrated preacher. Well, there are many origins. A call to come up and have a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in a second, and a spider down a girl's back is the origin of some of the liveliest motion the world ever saw.

Papa (soberly)—"That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor last evening." Maud (nettled)—"Indeed! That must depend upon one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'" Papa (thoughtfully)—"Well, two heads upon one pair of shoulders, for example."

"I can't complain of the times," said a Harlem young man. "I have my salary, $1,500; then I make $500 a year by my literary labors—that makes $2,000; then I run in debt a thousand dollars—that makes three thousand dollars. A single man who could not subsist on that ought to be ashamed of himself."

Mr. K. J. McCorley, the postmaster at Walnut Grove, S. C., is said to have the longest beard in the United States. He wears it plaited, and keeps it under his clothing. The plait runs down to his waist, and then around his waist twice. When combed out it reaches down to his feet. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall.

Hostess—"Are you a musician, Mr. Jones?" Jones, who is dying to give an exhibition of his ability—"Well—yes, I think I may lay claim to some knowledge of music." Hostess—"I am delighted to know it. My daughter is about to play, and I should be very glad if you would kindly turn the music for her."

An exchange says "a plate has been discovered on which a pie can be baked without burning while the mistress of the house is finishing her navel, and the cook is having a few last words with the policeman." This oughtn't to be very hard to do. The man of the house comes down-stairs and looks after the pie, probably.

A butcher is lying seriously ill in a London hospital, lamenting the indiscreet curiosity which led him to test the genuineness of a warlike Zulu. The savage was performing in a show at a fair, and the butcher, suspecting that the man was painted, touched his wetted finger to the back of the Zulu. The experiment was not in itself conclusive, for the maddened warrior rushed at the man who had insulted him, and plunged his assegai full in his face. The butcher will lose an eye.

My First Client.

BY E. SUTHERLAND.

AT the time of the incident I am about to relate, I was a young solicitor, with no practice, and therefore not always so discreet as I might have been, had I been able to pick and choose my clients.

My business hours were ostensibly from ten to five; but the fact of my house adjoining the office made me subservient to the wishes of the public beyond the time stated on the brass plate at my office door.

In fact, it was generally after business hours that my most profitable clients came; and though I can say I refused many a time the agency of some shady business, still, I must confess with regret that once or twice I found myself unwittingly involved in transactions which I would have much rather left alone.

One of these I have occasion to remember too well, and I can never think of it but I thank Providence for saving me from becoming an accomplice unwittingly in a most daring piece of imposture.

I was interrupted one night at tea by the servant entering and saying that a lady wished to see me.

Hastily finishing the meal, I hurried to my business room.

As I entered and bowed, a lady rose, made a slight courtesy, and remained standing.

I begged her to be seated, and asked of what service I could be to her. It was a little time before she answered, and then it was in a nervous, frightened way, glancing round the room as if she were afraid somebody else was present.

I saw that, although she was dressed in good style, she had not the air of a lady; but as she wore a thick veil, I could not distinguish her features, though I made out a gray hair here and there.

"I suppose I had better explain who I am and what I want," she began. "I am Miss Howard of Graham Square, and I want you to make out my will."

I started involuntarily, for this elderly person, though I had never seen her before, had been the subject of many a surmise and many a gossip with the neighbors.

She was reported to be very wealthy; but had apparently abandoned the world, for, during the last five years, she had shut herself up in her house, seeing no one but her servants.

My curiosity was therefore piqued at the idea of making out this old eccentric's will.

Taking up a pen, I asked her to give me the particulars of how she wished the property disposed of.

"That is very simple," she said. "I wish my whole property to go to Mr. David Simpson of Stafford street here. I have never been married; and I want the will framed so as to cut off any heir who might claim relationship to me. I also wish you to act as my executor in seeing my will carried into effect."

I made a note of the instructions, and asked when it would be convenient for her to call and sign the deed.

"If you could have it written out by to-morrow night, I could call then and sign it. I would like if you could arrange to have a doctor present to be a witness to my signing—a young doctor, if possible."

"Certainly, madam. To-morrow night at this time will suit, and I will arrange to have a doctor present. Is there nothing else you wish mentioned in the will?"

"No; nothing," she said, rising. "But be sure you make it so as to cut off all relations."

I assured her everything would be as she desired; and after assisting her into the cab which was waiting, noticing the while that she had a slight limp in her walk, I retired to my room to frame the will in accordance with my instructions.

Next night, punctual to a minute, she called; and as I had a doctor present, the ceremony of signing was soon over, the doctor signing as a witness along with my clerk, and appending a certificate of sanity, as desired by my client; and the deed was confined in my safe.

The affair had almost completely passed from my mind, when I was startled one morning by receiving a note from Mr. Simpson the legatee in the will informing me that Miss Howard was dead.

I immediately proceeded to the house, performed the usual duties devolving upon a solicitor in circumstances, and made what arrangements were necessary.

After the funeral, I had a meeting with Mr. Simpson, and explained to him the position of affairs—that he was sole legatee, and that I was executor.

He seemed to take the matter very coolly, I thought, but was anxious that everything should be realized as soon as possible.

Our interview was very short; and I came away with a strang feeling of dislike for the man, who, I found, had acted as a sort of factor for the deceased lady.

Acting within the duties of my executorship, and also with a desire to find out if possible the relations the old lady had been so anxious to cut off, I inserted a notice of her death in most of the leading newspapers in the kingdom.

This had the desired effect; for in the course of a few days I was waited upon by a young gentleman, Edward Howard, who informed me he was a nephew of the late Miss Howard, and had called upon me, having got my name and address from one of the newspapers to which I had sent the advertisement.

During my interview with Mr. Howard, was much impressed with his bearing on my telling him the position of affairs, as he I was much more concerned at his aunt's death than at the purpose of her will.

He told me that five years ago he had married against his aunt's wishes; she had refused to recognize his wife; and though he had written her several letters, he had never heard from her in reply.

He thanked me for my information, and said he would like to see me again as he was coming into town to a situation he had just been offered.

Some weeks after this, as I was returning home in the evening from a consultation, my attention was arrested by the figure of a woman in front of me.

She was hurrying along as if trying to escape observation; but there was something in her style and the limp which she had that struck me as familiar, though I could not remember where I had seen her.

Just as she was passing a lighted part of the street, she happened to look round, and the face I saw at once explained to me the familiarity of her figure, being an exact counterpart of my late client's Miss Howard!

Somehow or other, a suspicion flashed across my mind; my instinct told me something was wrong, and I determined to follow her and see where she went to.

Pushing my hat well over my brow and pulling the collar of my coat well up, I followed through two or three streets, and was almost at her heels when she suddenly turned into a public house, when, so close had I followed her, I heard the attendant say in answer to an inquiry by her, "Number thirteen, ma'am;" and I saw her disappear into the back premises.

I immediately followed, heard the door of number thirteen shut, and glancing at the numbers, quietly opened number twelve, and after giving an order for some slight refreshment to the attendant who had followed me, I took a hasty look around the room.

I found it was divided from the next one only by a wooden partition, which did not reach the ceiling, and that a whispered conversation was being carried on in the next room.

The entrance of the attendant with my order disturbed my investigations; but on his departure, and regardless of the old saying that listeners seldom hear anything to their own advantage, I did my best to make out the conversation.

I distinguished the voices to be those of two men and one woman. The latter I at once recognized, or at least my imagination led me to believe to be the voice of the person who had called on me a year ago to make her will.

The voice of one of the men was strange to me; but after the discovery I had already made, I was not greatly astonished at recognizing the voice of the other man to be that of Simpson, the legatee in the will.

The whole thing flashed upon me at once and I saw I had been the innocent machinery for carrying through a clever and daring piece of imposture.

I however, listened attentively to the conversation, in order to fathom the whole affair.

The first sentence I made out came from the stranger—

"I told you young Sinclair was the very man to do the work for you. These young lawyers never ask any questions as long as they get the business."

"Well, well," said Simpson, "that is all right now. But the present question is, what is to be done in the way of hurrying him up with the realization of the estate without exciting suspicion? The sooner we get away from this the better. I am glad that young fellow Howard didn't ask any questions. But one thing's certain, we must get the old woman away from this immediately, or she's sure to get recognized. She's been keeping pretty close lately; but I dare say she is getting tired of it. Aren't you, old lady?"

"Indeed," was the reply, "I would be glad to get away from this place to-morrow, if I could. I'm sure I only wish you could have been content with half of the estate with Mr. Edward, instead of burning the will, when you found it was to be divided between you and him, and getting me to do what I did. I'm sure it's a wonder my mistress doesn't rise from her grave to denounce us all."

"Keep that cant for another occasion, old woman; it's no use getting religious now. But I'll tell you what—I've got an idea."

Here the conversation got so low, that I could not catch more than an occasional word, and what that idea was I never found out, as he never got the chance to try it on me, for I had heard enough to know that next door to me were three of the most daring conspirators I had ever come across, who had duped me and made me the chief actor in the conspiracy.

My first idea was to lock the door of the room they were in, and go for help; but as that was likely to cause a disturbance, I determined to slip out and trust to being back in time for their arrest.

As luck would have it, nearly the first man I met outside was a detective whom I had known very well in connection with some criminal trials in which I had been engaged.

A few words explained my purpose; and signaling to the nearest policeman, he placed him at the door of the shop, and both of us walked in.

He nodded familiarly to the bar-tender, and leaning over the counter, whispered in his ear.

The shopman started, and gave a low whistle.

"You'll do it as quietly as you can for the credit of the house."

"Of course," said the detective. "Show us in."

In another minute we were inside the room, with our backs to the door, the detective dangling a pair of bracelets and nodding smilingly around the room. The woman fainted.

We had no difficulty in securing the men; and in half an hour we had them safely housed in jail.

Before their trial came on, we had worked out the whole story.

The woman who had called on me and signed the will was Mrs. Simpson, Miss Howard's housekeeper, the mother of Simpson in whose favor the will was made; and the other man was a lawyer's clerk who had suggested the feasibility of such a scheme.

The fact of Miss Howard's self confinement and my own imprudence had made the plot a success, but for my accidental recognition of the housekeeper.

Each of the prisoners offered to turn Queen's evidence; but as we had no difficulty in proving the case, this was refused, and they were sentenced to various periods of penal servitude.

I had then the pleasure of handing over the estate to the rightful heir, young Edward Howard, who, notwithstanding that I had nearly been the means of depriving him of his inheritance, then made me his agent.

The estate turned out to be much larger than I had at first thought, as I succeeded in proving that a large number of investments in Simpson's name really belonged to Miss Howard, and the management of so large a property fairly put me on my feet as regards business.

I have had a good many clients since then but I have often thought that my first client was my best one, as she was the means of giving me my first lesson in prudence, and my first start in life.

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.—A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try Marshal Ney; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one who, when he consummated his alleged treason, was a peer of France.

Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers were directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was overruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France.

This the prisoner himself overruled. "I am a Frenchman!" cried Ney. The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles by saying—

"Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?"

His last interview with his wife, who was sincerely attached to him, and with his children, whom he passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern.

"Marshal," said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, "you should now think of God; I never faced danger without such preparations."

"Do you suppose," answered Ney, "that anyone need teach me to die?" But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added—"Comrade, you are right. I will die as becomes a man of honor and a Christain. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice."

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of December 7th, the Marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates.

He alighted, and advanced toward the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—

"Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?"

He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—

"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy! *Vive La France!*"

He then turned to the men, and, striking his other hand on his heart, gave the word—

"Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, died Buonaparte's favorite general, the "Bravest of the Brave."

If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy.

Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while many of his brother marshals dishonored themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

It may be affirmed that a good man will get more good from evil than a bad man will get from good.

FEW like gray hairs, except on other persons. If your hair is turning gray, restore it to the hue of youth by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

R. R. R.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

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in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
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SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY!

That instantly stops the most excrutiating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Ready Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation: this simple but effective treatment will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, and prevent what otherwise might be a serious disease. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water, will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver complaints, etc.

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Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 30, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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Recent Book Issues.

Interesting as history under any circumstances undoubtedly is, it could be made much more so—particularly for young readers—if it was always presented in the same attractive shape as marks "Our Young Folks' Roman Empire," by William Shepard. It is uniform with his "Josephus" published last year, and compares with that master-work in interest and value. It deals with the Roman nation from the accession of Augustus until its fall under Augustulus five centuries afterward. One particular feature of its excellence is that it is written with a view to clearness for young minds, and excludes all that is dark, sectarian, or unseemly in the story of those days. Everything really valuable has been retained in the book—which makes a beautifully printed and illustrated volume of nearly 500 pages—but the usual tiresome array of dreary names, tables, and verbose descriptions are absent. Whatever is introduced is calculated to engage the attention, and impress itself upon the memory without effort. Altogether it is most valuable as a history, and as interesting as a romance. The boy who gets it has a treasure in its way. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

Geology, reading the writing of Nature in the soil, the rock, the waters, and the everlasting changes going on in the world, is one of the most sublime, fascinating and when properly presented, one of the most simple of the sciences. A chief reason perhaps why, ere this, its study has not become more common and popular, is because most of those who have written, or treated of it, made their observations too formal and general. What is necessary to awaken interest is to bring the study home to our very doors, as it were, and until this is done, Geology will fail of that following and attention which it so truly deserves in the beauty of its teachings, and the grandeur of its conceptions. No writer of modern days seems to have so fairly hit upon the just method of interesting people in this grand branch of reading, study, and improvement as Prof. Angelo Heilprin in his "Town Geology or the Lesson of the Philadelphia Rocks." In this most interesting volume he has taken this city and its immediate surroundings, and told in language that all can understand, and in a manner as absorbing as the movements of a romance, the history of our ground formation, the influences that affected it in ages past, its soil character, its order in the world's developments, its fossils, and other particulars. Of course it is intended specially for Philadelphians, but the system followed could be wisely used by other writers in different parts of the country, by taking in a similar manner a special section and so educating the people up to the wonders and beauties of their geological neighborhood. It is printed and bound in magnificent form. Published by the author, Prof. Angelo Heilprin, Curator of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Phila.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

There are three very richly illustrated articles in the November number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*: Newcastle-on-Tyne (Old Bits in a New City). London Commons; Cheese Farming in Chester. The opening paper in this number is a bright sketch of, An Adventure in Afghanistan, by M. Lang Mason; and the frontispiece is a lovely copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of Lady Sarah Bunbury; Alcome's Chance, is an interesting story, by Frederick Boyle. The new serial, Aunt Rachel, by D. Christie Murray, increases in interest. Macmillan & Co., New York; $1.75 a year.

The November *Wide Awake* is full of bright things from pen and pencil. The frontispiece shows a ramble through the November woods. Margaret Sidney's, A New Departure for Girls; and Mr. Brooks' historical serial, The Governor's Daughter, are brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Flossy Tangleskein in Mrs. Champney's wonder-story, The Child's Paradise, concludes that America is the best land for a child's home, after all. Dan Hardy Crippy, is a pathetic Thanksgiving story by James Otis. The second Posey Story, one of the last labors of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, is given. Mrs. Harriet Pinckney Huse gives some early recollections of the novelist Cooper. There is much excellent illustrated verse, notably, Fate and the Tiger, a Brahmin story versified, and The Cock-Horse Regiment, by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey, with six full-page illustrations by Garrett. The Chautauqua Readings have good specialties for natural history students. In the next number, beginning new volume, the following new serials will be begun: A Girl and a Jewel, by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; A Midshipman at Large, by Chas. R. Talbot; and Dilly and the Captain, by Margaret Sidney. Wide Awake is $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., of Boston, Mass., have just issued a "Gen. Geo. B. McClellan's Funeral March." It is a very impressive composition and withal easy of execution. Price 35 cents.

A MAN who has never had teeth, although now 69 years old, has been discovered by the Savannah *News* in Sumter County, Ga.

SHE stood at the gate in the late Spring twilight, and when she said good-bye, she felt neuralgia kiss her rosy cheek; but she only smiled, for her mother had invested 25 cents in a bottle of Salvation Oil.

Humorous.

HE WANTS THE EARTH.

A little, with content, is much
To him who'll not refuse it—
Who takes it as the Lord has sent,
And then does rightly use it.

Most men, with nothing, have a thought
That life would be a pleasure
If they don't share, in smallest part,
With those who have the treasure.

But, is it true? Experience shows
That, in this world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

He vows he does not want the earth;
His thoughts are far above it;
The gold of Indus and of Or
His simple tastes don't covet.

A very little meets his wants;
Enough to furnish living,
He says, is all a man should ask,
And thank the Lord for giving.

But, is it true? Well, if it be,
The truth you'll have to borrow—
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

Of wealth, a fraction's all he asks,
With smallest numerator
Set out, in unit bold, above
A large denominator.

This makes the sum of all his joys,
Of all his hopes and blisses;
'Tis all he needs, 'tis all he prays;
'Tis bread, and cheese, and kisses.

But, is it true? You bet it ain't,
For in this world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

—S. T. OLEN.

Gentlemen of leisure—Tramps.

Eclipse of the son—A baby-daughter.

Nothing tries the sole of a man more than a shoe-peg.

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it.

"Plenty of room at the top," remarked a dealer as he opened the apple barrel and found it half full.

Corn is the worst used of all cereals. No matter how fruitful it is, it is only grown to have its ears pulled.

Shakspeare was not a broker; but does any one know of another man who has furnished so many stock quotations?

"To the victors belong the spoils," said the grocer, as he worked off a dozen bad eggs on a newly-elected Congressman.

In order to catch something, a man does not always require much activity. A policeman once caught the small-pox while asleep.

A great deal has been written about learning to say "no." If you would teach a man to say no, just ask him "if he would like to pay that little bill to-day."

Civilization is making gratifying progress in the Congo country. A few years ago the inhabitants ate white persons raw; now they roast them before eating.

An exchange says: "The festive oyster now gets into stews and broils." Probably, like others, he would avoid these difficulties if he could keep his mouth shut.

The sporting fraternity have grown so respectable of late that a young lady, whose father is in the undertaking business, now speaks of her parent as a professional boxer.

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "do they always have an inquest when anybody dies?" Intelligent parent—"Oh, no, my son! When a doctor has been attending a person there is no need for an inquest. It is only necessary when there is any doubt as to the cause of death."

Young Men!--Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to those afflicted with nervous debility, and all kindred troubles. Also very efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

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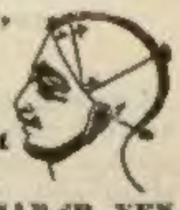

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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Through the failure of a large manufacturer of **Cashmere Shawls**, there has come into our hands a large consignment of Plaid Shawls, perfect goods, which we propose to present to the ladies in the following manner: Send us 75 cents for **8 mos.** subscription to **Farm and Household**, a large 32 page illustrated paper, devoted to Farm and Household topics, Stories and general miscellany, and we will send you one of these beautiful shawls **FREE** by mail postpaid, or we will send 3 shawls and 3 subscriptions to one address for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Address

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WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing outfit and particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

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LADIES ART OF BEAUTY AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, 64 pages. Price, 10 cents. Address MME. LA ROCHE'S BAZAR, Milwaukee, Wis.

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100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

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C. H. PAYNE,
21 East 12th St.,
New York City.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Late expositions introduce styles of bonnets that compare agreeably with the heavy blanket fabrics. Fur felt, fine moleskin, plush and felt bonnets add the finishing harmony to the anticipated heavy winter toilets which consist of bison homespuns, rough twilled camels, hair, Astrakhan cloths, boucle and other described fabrics. The ribbons partake of the general shagginess in imitation of bands of Astrakhan, and others of frise velvet, stripe l wool and frise stripes of plush, one of which is plain the other curly, and there are other soft, thin wool ribbons with edges of narrow plush, velvet or heavy silk.

These ribbons are set in long loops from the crown drooping over to the brim, with the addition of two or three quill feathers, or an ornament of metal, wigs or fanciful feathers that lose their identity beneath the weight of beads of glittering silver or gold encrustations.

Imitation cat-tails and pyramidal grasses are used for this stiff style of trimming, especially for the high-crowned toques and turbans. Not unfrequently these hairy fabrics have a glittering thread of tinsel through the dark depths.

There are some models of mingled fabrics as a velvet bonnet of beaver-brown with a slashed brim covered with three or four folds of heavy moleskin plush of a darker shade; the strings are brown satin with picot edge, a large nondescript bird sits with folded wings on top, just where the folds meet, in a nest of long velvet loops.

Heavy bonnets of plush are decorated with several rows of carved wooden beads placed around the edge and brightened with a cluster of bronze, pansy-colored and asparagus-green and Inda-red feathers on top.

Some of these plain velvet or plush bonnets are trimmed simply with ribbon, nun-like in severe simplicity. The Astrakhan cloth bonnets are seen with Alpine crowns, high round crowns and horse-shoe crowns; small shapes covered with one fabric as a change from the mixed materials, are narrow, and the horse-shoe crown is either simulated with beads or the crown itself takes that shape.

The embroidered cloth bonnets take precedence over the other wool styles in beauty, not only with the richest costumes, but corresponding with the embroidered cloth costumes.

Beaver, silver-fox, chinchilla and Astrakhan fur are each used upon bonnets. Crows and the lustrous blackbirds quite out-rival those of more brilliant plumage on these heavy bonnets. One of the requirements of a fashionable bird is a long heavy beak, in which the blackbird excels.

Dresses imported from abroad and there are many to be seen at the fashionable parties now taking place are remarkable for the manipulation of stripes, which are certain, in some parts of the gown, to be placed vertically.

The skirts show horizontal stripes, but the overskirt, which falls in heavy plaits at the back, in front is caught into the waistband, cross. Judging from French styles the armholes are once more to be puffed *a la* Henri Deux, and to make the draping of skirts perfectly successful, they are first sewn to the waistband straight all round, and then literally cut with scissors on the stands, so that they are short here and long there, as required.

The most successful treatment is where the upper drapery is short on the hips, and falls in a frill like fashion, produced by cutting.

Many young girls are wearing plain full skirts, with an overskirt of some soft silk printed with flowers at the sides, opening to the waist to show the plain skirt; this is the Charlotte Corday gown. Spencers are worn with it, which end at the waist in front, beneath a belt, and have small basques at the back.

In some new French styles the skirts are arranged in folds, with only a slight drapery at the back. The waistcoat and side panels are red, covered all over with a close-set pattern in the finest gold cord, and the same carried round the straight collars. Some have velvet panels and waistcoats, some short Figaro jackets.

A cream dress with a red bodice is new, the jacket and drapery bordered with close-set gold buttons the size of a pea, like those in a page's livery.

The new dust cloaks and wraps display simulated hoods and sleeve pieces reaching to the hems, lined with a short silk, visible at every movement. A new idea in waterproofs is a silky check, make with a cape and hood. A fawn-colored woollen overcloak, lined with a shot pink silk, and the selling sleeves elongated to the edge of the front, which was composed of shot silk confined by a band, while a tussore cloak had a shaped skirt with sleeves.

Some hoods form part of the cape. Striped cloaks have contrasting velvet collars and cuffs. It is certainly becoming the rule for the wrap to match the dress, and with this cloak a string-colored gown was worn, trimmed with coral guipure, a thick ruche of plaited silk of the same shade round, viz twine, green, and coral.

The material of cloak and dress are not alike so much as the tone of color. Red crape bonnets, with blackcocks' feathers, and having no strings, are a feature in prevailing modes. Mantelets and peterines and jackets with belts, are worn, and are always trimmed with lace, beads and gimp.

A style of dress is coming in and is now worn by the ultra fashionables of the fair sex, who make dress a *metier*. The richest brocade and gold and silver stuffs are used. The back is a redingote, falling in thick, heavy folds and lying well on the ground. The bodice is close-fitting at the back; but in front, from shoulder to hem, it forms a straight piece, on either side over a distinct petticoat of lace; a belt confines the front, but the lace is shaped for the bodice, and is fastened up over the belt when it is secured. There is a largh sash at the side, the linings are all perfumed.

Many of these gowns were seen in a recent trousseau, exhibited to admiring crowds unaccustomed to the sight of blue blankets to match blue satin lace bedecked coverlets and square pillows, and a mass of lace and lace insertion.

New velvets and plushes are to be in high favor directly the cold weather sets in. As we have already said, there is a most decided partiality shown for stripes, not uniform stripes, which are apt to become monotonous, but stripes that vary in width, and are arranged in clusters of narrow ones, with a single wide one intervening, and also alternate stripes on grounds of a totally different nature.

The newest combination is velvet with frise stripes, the latter in rows of tiny silk loops, standing in relief from the velvet ground, and forming an effective material for waist-coats, panels, cuffs, and collars, in conjunction with velouting. The newest plush is called Picote, or pin spot, in contrasting color, as, for example, spotted lines of peacock-blue on a dark red ground, or red lines on an olive ground.

Then there are stripes of spotted plush on velouting grounds in such mixtures as heliotrope and reseda, olive-green and hussar-blue. There are particularly appropriate for small mignon figures, and are to be made up into costumes with velouting the color of the ground.

For larger and more commanding figures there are wide velvet stripes on faille grounds, the stripes being unequal in width, and enlivened with satin stripes of bright coloring.

Take one pattern as an example. The ground is grenat faille, the stripes are grenat velvet, with lines of gold satin at each side. In combination with velouting barree (a thick, soft, largely repped silk, which has all the effect of terry velvet, and drapes in graceful folds), few materials would look more stylish than these important striped velvets.

The new materials for mantles are eminently handsome, the ground is satin the design is velvet outlined with frise, woven so skilfully that it has the effect of rich braiding. Frise interwoven with plush, so as to have a braided effect, is another triumph of skilful weaving.

Colored velvets with shot and shaded stripes are admirable fabrics; so are the new Bayadere velourines, which would retrim a plain dress so as to be unrecognisable, as they are stylish and novel.

Peculiar gowns for indoor wear are called "Carmelite" dresses. They are of brown woollen goods, open down the front over a plastron apron of white velling. The velling is gathered in the neck.

Around the waist is a brown and white braided cording with large pompons on the ends. The large sailor collar opens in shawl shape in front and the cuffs are very deep. Both collar and cuffs are of white velling.

Domestic Economy.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.—[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

A parrot, seagull, or, indeed, any bird, can be thus mounted, so that this may be a suggestion to anyone with ornithological specimens at their command. Even the bird without the lamp is to be seen suspended, by broad ribbon, from some post of vantage.

The last idea is to suspend absurd little effigies of monkeys, in colored chenille, connected by tails and paws hooked within each other, across a mirror, or from bougha of towering greenery. In shop windows these toys are labelled (with questionable compliment) "Our ancestors." Gilded bees of gigantic size, of Japanese manufacture, lobsters, frogs, monkeys, with a little green frog perched on the shoulder, are all fashionable adnit toys of the day, and are placed anywhere about a room, or on anything that individual fancy suggests. Gilded basket work flowerpots are also liked.

The fashion for pleating everything white is still fashionable, and bird cages are now so done, with a yellow bow tied round the handle. Fitting a piece of mirror glass into the centre of a good sized palette, and painting all round, with a tiny spray across the top of the glass, has a good effect.

Shading the panels of a screen from palest blue to deep green, and then painting a bold design of large flowers, rising up from the base, has a good effect, with the wooden frame-work stained green; also panels of coarse "grocer's" brown paper, with field or garden flowers painted boldly in oils, mounted in a deeper shade of brown wood.

Covers for keeping music in can be made of the same paper, strengthened by having a lining of a pretty fancy paper gummed in tied round with a length of ribbon, and beautified by a bold floral design painted across. Painted linen, with an unbleached surface, is used for panels of screens, music cases, and "splashers." Little milking-stools have a smart bow now tied on to the leg.

The French bourriche, which has travelled from its original place on the sands of Continental watering places to the gardens of English people, is now decorated with a festooned valance of colored velvet in front edged with ball fringe, with the addition of a comfortable seat and cushion inside, and a pocket for a book or work.

It is now made by English hands in rushes after the style of the baskets, and in more than one size. If on castors it can be moved about without difficulty. Garden chairs look well covered in holland, and finished with cotton. Turkish material, with point down the back, and others turned over the handles, the whole set off with tassels of red and blue worsted. Discolored little chairs can be covered thus with advantage. The umbrellas for garden use, of large size, with pointed sticks for fixing into the ground, look very light and pretty about a lawn, in red Turkey twill, with a deep valance, looped up at distances with clusters of blue, red, and white worsted balls, suspended to various lengths of red worsted or the valance is sometimes of coarse deep ecru lace, looped up in the same way.

I have recently seen some of the garden umbrellas in coarse cream linen, with a design in red twill up each division (in the Baden applique), worked with red thread. A bow of the red twill was placed near the ferule, and another on the stick, and there was a valance of the linen, edged with red worsted ball fringe.

This work is so quick, easy, and effective that it is well worth the small amount of labor bestowed on it. I also saw a bed coverlid of it, arranged with three stripe of red twill applique, worked with red thread on coarse kitchen apron linen, alternating with two rows of cream-colored furniture lace, with a fall of it all round the edge, gathered up at each corner with a red rosette.

It looked bright and pretty. The window curtains, bed hangings, and toilet drapery, in the room where it was, were of red Turkey twill, with very broad cream furniture lace sewn on. Bows of the lace, lined with red, spread out to the full width, looped back the curtains. The valances were of lace, so that the color was not dazzling; and the room was not very large, so that there was not a great quantity of the material.

White shavings sprinkled over with gold are still to be seen in fireless grates, though floral arrangements, screens, and other devices are more general. The shavings are not, however, as of yore, confined to the fireplace itself, but are spread lightly out to the confines of the low fender, and fresh ferns, sprays of ivy, or Virginia creeper are laid over them, or a veil of gold tissue net is thrown over the whole. Instead of the fender, a box, hidden by drooping ferns and filled with pot plants or cut flowers, takes its place, and remains there during many months.

An Indian shawl draped gracefully over gold-colored satin sheeting, can be displayed to full advantage on the back of a small piano. The satin sheeting is put on rather full, and edged with a strip of deep red or green velvet, according to the dominant shade of the shawl, about a quarter of a yard in depth. This is put on to a draw-string, fixed at each side of the piano, and as high as required. Then take the shawl, droop it deeply in the centre, catch it up high with velvet bows, and allow the ends to fall as long as possible down the sides. Being of wide width, a small quantity only of sheeting is required.

The wish to succeed is an element in every undertaking without which achievement is impossible. The ambition to succeed is the mainspring of activity, the driving-wheel of industry, the spur to intellectual and moral progress. It gives energy to the individual, enthusiasm to the many, push to the nation. It makes the difference between a people who move as a stream and a people who stand like a pool.

A single chandelier in the mountain castle of that spendthrift, the King of Bavaria, cost $25,000.

Confidential Correspondents.

F. PATTON.—Your verses are not quite suited to the POST; we therefore decline them with thanks.

J. S. S.—Arabella is a somewhat old-fashioned name now; it is from the Arabic, and signifies a worshipper.

HORACE B.—Gutta percha is procured from the sap of a large forest tree, growing in the Malayan peninsula, and on the islands near it.

UNFORTUNATE.—There would certainly be nothing improper in your wearing your deceased wife's ring; it would not "show a too light feeling of respect," but rather the reverse.

D. B. R.—Diplomatic agents are divided into four classes. 1. Ambassadors, legates and nuncios. 2. Envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary. 3. Envoys, ministers, and others accredited to sovereigns. 4. Charges d' affaires.

EUGENE.—We are not opponents of moderate smoking; but we raise our voices against smoking to excess. No youths should smoke; their constitutions are not sufficiently settled to permit the habit.

LAUREL.—Should we pass upon the question: "Which is the more powerful, water or fire?" we should deprive the lyceum of a subject whereof each member, no doubt, can discourse wisely and well. We, therefore, beg to be excused.

TALLEYRAND.—The most popular dates of modern times for the end of the world, or what is practically the same thing, the millennium, were the following:—1757, Swedenborg; 1836, Johann Bengell; 1843, William Miller; 1866, Dr. Cumming; and 1881, Mother Shipton.

FORGOTTEN.—The young lady is evidently of a fickle disposition, and her affections are so very easily transferred from one object to the other, that it becomes questionable whether they are worth winning. We should advise the third admirer to look well before he leaps.

LAURA.—The conduct of the young gentleman in paying marked attentions to another lady in the presence of his affianced was most heartless and cruel. The lady who received those attentions, while knowing that he was engaged to her friend, deserves the severest blame.

BERTHA.—A nimbus in a picture is a halo round the head; an aureole envelopes the whole body. The union of the two is called a glory; it is of Pagan origin. Images of the gods were adorned with a crown of rays; and when the Roman emperors assumed divine honors, they appeared decorated in the same manner.

STUDENT.—We do not know what you mean by the "seven liberal arts of the colleges." During the middle ages, what were called the seven liberal arts were grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy, and it may be that you had this middle-ages classification in your mind when you wrote your question.

PRUDENCE.—Notwithstanding what you say, we are inclined to believe that your red nose does arise from indigestion; dyspeptic affections have such different ways of showing themselves. 2. A muddy complexion does not necessarily indicate an impure skin; some persons are naturally brown in the way you speak of. 3. A diet composed chiefly of apples would hardly be healthy.

F. H. C. G.—White silk is not greatly yellowed by being washed in the ordinary way, the true color of white silk being of a very faint yellowish tinge. Woven silk is however very often slightly blued to "dill" this tinge, and, if the bluish-white shade is desired, it must be produced by the ordinary washer-woman's method—the addition of a little blue to the final rinsing-water.

J. B.—Courage, or a contempt of danger is a mere animal quality, and being only the result of a particular formation, is entitled to no merit, though it may demand our applause; but moral, or acquired courage, is a very different thing. A man who is fortunate in the world and has a sacrifice to make, if he conducts himself with spirit, is also more entitled to our admiration than a mere desperado.

TORY.—It is an old proverb that "there is many a true word spoken in jest;" and it is equally true that many a stinging and embittering word is spoken in fun also. In fact, jesting is a dangerous business, and one into which no man should too freely enter, lest he becomes bankrupt in friendship. Your experience is a common one. All you can now do is to treat the lady with all possible politeness and kindness, and trust to time to heal the wound which you so unwittingly inflicted.

JAPHET.—The Prætorian Guards were so named because, when first instituted, they kept the watch and ward round the prætorian or general's tent, and were formed into nine or ten cohorts, and made body-guards by Augustus, the Roman Emperor. Claudius was raised by them to the throne, in return for which he gave them each a large sum of money. The Emperor Pertinax was killed by them, after which they put the empire up to auction. Constantine first suppressed them in 313.

BUSINESS.—In making a birthday present to a young lady, study her tastes and position in life; avoid anything, we mean, that would not harmonise with its surroundings. Books, music (if she plays), jewelry, writing materials, a traveling bag or basket, a jewel-case, work-basket or table, a reclining chair, box of gloves, or a nice piece of china, are but a few of the articles which occur to us as suitable ones. Of course your means must be considered as well as the lady's tastes, do not give more than you can really afford.

MARY W.—There is no rule without an exception; and we strongly incline to believe yours is just such an exception to the one you mention. No doubt, as a general principle, it is best for the husband to be older than the wife—"let still the woman take an elder than herself," as Shakespeare puts it—but the answers to which you allude have been mostly given to young men who were ludicrously afraid of marrying girls ten years younger than themselves, and who required to be encouraged into taking such a simple and natural step as proposing to them. In your case you are both young; and we have very little doubt you will both be very happy together. It is unwise for a woman almost past her prime to marry a man so much younger than herself that she is liable to become old and unattractive while he has still the best and fullest years of his life before him.